



OWN TO ETERNAL
ION

HAS COME BACK TO
FLESHPOTS OF EGYPT



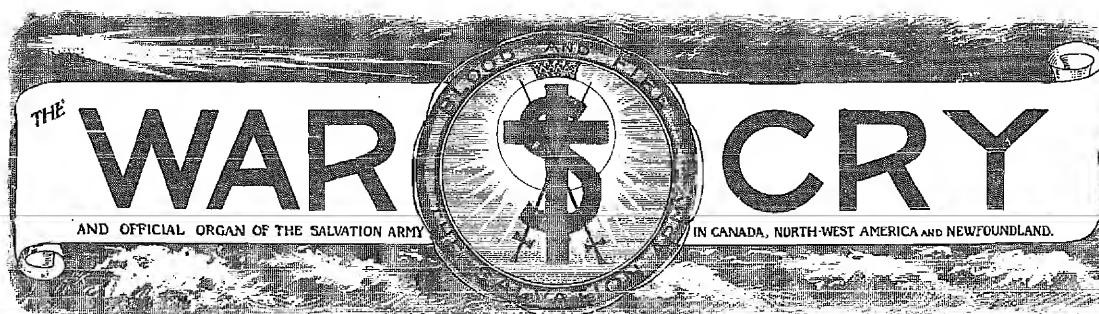
as your God-given
in the Name of the
Son, and Holy Ghost,
behalf of this great
of the Lord, I call upon
Soldier, in the
of the Lost"

True to God!
ive by the Cross!
Hold High your Colors!
stand by your Officers!
help your Comrades!
ave the Children!
Contend for the Truth!
seek the Lowest!
Found at your Post!
Valiant in War!
Endure to the End!



WIN!"

missioner.



16th Year. No. 23.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, MARCH 3, 1900.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Comptroller.

Price, 5 Cents.

THE WEAKNESS OF GOD.

"The weakness of God is stronger than man"—1. Cor. i. 25.

The Siege program designates the next two weeks to be devoted to desperate soul-saving efforts. Doubtless there has been much planning and scheming on the part of officers and soldiers as to the best method of reaching souls, dying souls, blood-bought souls, sin-steeped souls, and bringing them in true repentance to the Saviour. Soul-saving is always

our aim—in all things—but we want to make some very desperate efforts to reach hardened cases who do not ordinarily come under our influence, or whom we have so far not reached by our usual methods. The past Sieges have proved that careful planning and organizing for such efforts have brought about some very glorious achievements; the trophies of these

Sieges stand as living and uncounted witnesses in many camps today. Organization, order, system, machinery, business ability—call which you like—ought to be fully appreciated as a factor of success in soul-saving, but it can never take the place of a living faith in God. Just as the rain, which nourishes a living plant and hastens its growth, hastens the decay of the dead plant, so the rules and regulations that guide the united actions of the members of a God-inspired Army in channels of greatest success, will make futile the efforts of any individual who relies on such regula-

tions only. Organization is the body, faith the soul of success in the Siege. The body, operated through the brain by the soul, is a wonderful mechanism, a mighty machine to tear down or to build up the Kingdom of Christ, but without the soul it decays and becomes a misshape.

No amount of ingenuity, learning, wisdom, talents, personal attraction or force can take the place of faith. Faith makes the child a giant, and the weakest human creature more powerful than the legions of hell. The weakness of God, spoken of by the Apostle, is not a particular failing on God's part, but that helplessness of man that seeks not the savor of human strength, but finds omnipotent strength by faith. Again and again, right through the ages, we trace men and women—none too many, alas!—who, without any remarkable talents, or learning, or advantages of an extraordinary kind, have risen from unexpected quarters, from lonely places, and humble homes, and have stirred whole nations and continents. Their deeds ring out clear and true; the best in the heart of millions responded to their electrifying example, and the course of history has been turned into new channels by their daring. And what was the secret of their success? Faith, living faith, faith triumphant!

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

One such instance is illustrated by the picture on this page. Joan of Arc was the daughter of poor peasants of France. In her youth she minded her father's sheep. Being much alone in the fields, her mind turned to God in prayer; she was known in the village as a child of exceptional piety. She was seventeen years of age when she heard that the English were invading and subduing France.

One day the timid girl declared to her parents and friends that the angels had called her to deliver her country, and asked to be taken to the King. Scolding, sneers, entreaties, and tears were alike ineffectual to turn her from her divinely-conviction. She had received the heavenly call, her faith demanded that she should go and do as she was bid.

Obstacles upon obstacles came upon her path to turn her from her purpose, but she pressed on through them all. For two years she was subjected to all manner of tests and examinations, as well as insults, but her faith bore her over it all. Finally the King placed her at the head of the army. Her appearance inspired the soldiers miraculously. She led the troops on to victory and raised the siege of Orleans. Although misunderstood at the time, imprisoned and burned at the stake for heresy, she was afterwards exonerated, and her name, even now, after nearly five centuries have passed, is honored throughout the civilized world. What was the secret of her victories? Faith, unwavering faith in her divine mission.

LET US CONQUER LIKEWISE.

If our faith in God, and His love, and ableness to save is living—imbuing in our very veins and felt in our every breath—then there will be no sinners so callous that he cannot feel your influence; there will be no sceptic so steely that the spirit of conviction will not pierce the armor of unbelief through your efforts. We must win; we must make it harder than ever for men to go to hell; we must force the careless to stop and think; we must enter souls, and save them in greater numbers, and it can be done by FAITH IN GOD.



Joan of Arc Receiving the Angel's Call While Keeping Her Father's Sheep.

The Saved Bushwhacker GOES TO THE BUSH.

By ENSIGN PARKER.

The old story repeated: A true Salvationist moves far away from the S. A., but the fire in his bones won't let him be idle. He must do something to show his colors and help roll the old chariot along.

A letter came to me from Major Collier, saying Bro. Payne, of Coe Hill Mines had written him asking for J. B. M. Boxes. It so happened I knew this Bro. Payne, and I made up my mind I must see him and find out what kind of a country he was living in. But, alas! Coe Hill is many miles from any S. A. corps—about 50 I think. However, "where there's a will there's a way," and where there is such a good-natured gentleman as the General Superintendent of the C. O. R., the way don't cost so much after all. And now begins a series of pleasant occurrences and kind deeds done by many people that will ever make the memory of this journey very pleasant.

I wrote Bro. Payne. The answer came back, "Come, and I will arrange a whole week of meetings for you—a different place every night." Settled. I'll go.

A tall Salvationist enters the office of the General Superintendent of the C. O. R. He is greeted pleasantly, and goes out with a letter giving him a right to travel all over the line at a cheap rate. God bless Mr. C!

I do meetings in Cobourg; nice crowd, good time. Port Hope; no lies on Carret. Millbrook; poor Wm. I guess he's worn out. Peterboro; the brotherly heart of Staff Captain Barditt does one good. A letter came from Bro. Stone, of Lakeland, with \$4.00. G. B. M. I say, Mr. Editor, these Stones are two bricks, and no mistake.

Sunday in Campbellford. A nice lit advance in G. B. M. cash here. Monday I land in the home of Father Williams, at Stirling. Here is an old couple who know how to praise the Lord. One son an Ensign in the S. A., one a Methodist minister. They have much to praise the Lord for, and they do praise Him in good style, and the fire burns all the better in my own heart for the few hours I spent with them. They are both red hot Salvationists, though far away from any corps.

Next day I start for Coe Hill. Get to the Junction. Oh! I have left my carbide behind me, which means no light for the lantern. "My wife is going to S.," says a gentleman, "she'll get it for you." "I'll send it to you to-morrow," says the obliging Station Agent. "Thank you both, gentlemen."

The train comes. An accommodation—get on or off almost anywhere—gets to the station when it has nothing else to do. At St. Ola, Bro. Quackenbush, of Trenton, meets me. He will arrange meetings if I will give him the dates. "Ding-dong" went the bell, that wonderful train is really moving again, and I am off for Coe Hill. "No stop over," says my return ticket. What shall I do? I must do St. Ola on my way back. Why, Mr. C. is on the train. A stroke of his pen will settle it, and in his usual pleasant way he settled it.

Coe Hill Mines at last! The happy face of Bro. Payne greeted me. Yes, meetings are arranged. Nice time at Hill that night, people much interested. Drove home to Bro. Payne's. That poor horse, Ned! Like some folks, when he had a hill to climb he took a lengthened thorough. On the level he could make three miles an hour, but going up-hill—"enough said!" Speaking of hills, sir, I have seen the hills of Muskoka, the romantic scenery of Vermont, but North Hastings takes the prize. Generally if you are not going up hill you are going down; but at last we reach home, and supper, and bed. Thank God!

Daylight, breakfast, off for Ormsby. Meeting in a school-house. Went to a hotel. What language one man used! How vile! Some are men who think

themselves smart. Truly this base fellow rolled out the filth of the pit. God save him!

Firing up for the meeting, a boy comes in ready to do anything, to get wood, water, talks—that boy could talk. "Going to have any music?" he says. "Our teacher can play fine. If you just get her to play the organ we'll have a fine time." The hotel-keeper comes in, and another man, whose tongue proved him to be a son of "Bonnie Scotland." Just came to wish us success, they say, and they leave us a dollar in hard cash. Thank you, gentlemen. A nice crowd of people, much pleased with the large, clear pictures that Acetylene Gas makes. A slight hitch occurs. Thanks for that boy's information about his teacher, a little music will just fit in, and for the moment, under the skillful management of Miss Wigg, the teacher, the music is playing and the crowd singing heartily. That boy was right, his teacher knows how to play, and her kind assistance was much appreciated. The picture is on the sheet again. Finally the people go away expressing hearty approval of the proceedings. Next morning we visit a family who used to attend the S. A. in Peterboro many years ago. Here we met our boy-friend of the evening before.

"Get up, Ned! Go on, you brute! Get a move on!" and at the rate of three miles an hour we rattle off for L'Amable. Dinner with a kind friend who had not slept the night before on account of the war reports. We assured her that there was no danger, and left her satisfied. I think that neither Boer nor Fenian would trouble her there.

(To be continued.)

PLAN OF THE SIEGE.

February 25th to April 2nd, 1900

Desperate Soul-Saving Efforts—Sunday, March 4th, to Saturday, March 17th.

Juniors' Week—Sunday, March 18th, to Saturday, March 24th.

Enlistment Week—Sunday, March 25th, to Saturday, March 31st.

Universal Enrolment of Soldiers—Sunday and Monday, April 1st and 2nd.

Rat Portage Garrison Cadets GIVE THEIR TESTIMONIES.

"I praise God, I'm saved and have an up-to-date salvation. I love God and His work with all my heart, proving, moment by moment, that His power is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him. Feeling and knowing that His will concerning me is to be a fisher of men, I'm going forward in His strength."—Cadet A. S. Quist.

In looking back over the few months that I have spent in the Training Home in Rat Portage, I look upon them as the happiest days of my life. The Training Officers are all that could be desired to make Cadets love and honor them. I have been here something over four months, and have not heard an unkind word from them. I love the light and am well in my soul. That which at first was a great cross to me, visiting and selling War Crisps, has become a great source of blessing."—Cadet Hardy.

My first reason for being a Cadet is that I firmly believe that God called

me to preach His Gospel, and woe is me if I preach it not! Secondly, it was the S. A. that brought me to God, and I think we should stick to the bridge that carried us over. Thirdly, the Salvation Army affords me so many grand opportunities to work for God that I would not have in other places. I have been in the Garrison since one month to-day, and I must say I am enjoying my days of Training. Jesus saves me now. Cadet G. J. Scott.

When about 15 years old, I left school and went to work in an office in London, Eng., got into trouble and ran away from home. I returned home again and was taken back into the office, but soon had to leave again on account of bad conduct, and then I refused to work until I was sent to Canada. Came out, roamed around, working very little and living a wild life, until, at last, one day I went to an Army meeting and God's Spirit strove with me. Although I went on stinging for three years, at last I gave my heart to God. Was a slave to tobacco until the night I was saved. I threw my pipe away and the devil left me from then, and has not returned. A few months later I felt God calling me for an officer. I offered myself and was accepted and arrived in Garrison, after God having opened the way through what seemed impassable barriers."—Cadet A. Bristol.

In 1888 the Army opened fire in Jamestown, N. D. Previous to that time I was one of the so-called soulless sort of fellows in the eyes of the people, but soon after attending the meetings of the Army I found out that I was far away from the Kingdom. One night, I shall never forget it while I live, it was on the 3rd of April (Good

Our Newfoundland Letter.

The Salvation Army in Newfoundland is a live institution, with wonderful inherent energies. "Forward!" is the motto of the "generalissimo" here, who is ever pleased with an opportunity to capture new territory. With all your boasted advances in the "Great Dominion," you will have to pull ahead if you desire to keep in the forefront of the battle. Brigadier Sharp is full of faith and the Holy Ghost, and always found standing unshakingly at the post of duty.

The Army has recently opened new stations at Clark's Beach, Rocky Harbor, Black Island, New Town, and will open at Fox Harbor, in Trinity Bay, shortly.

The Army's educational work is flourishing. Four teachers are engaged with 200 children, in the city. Clark's Beach has a school with 50 children; Gooseberry Island a school with 50 children; and there are Army schools in eight other places, with from 25 to 40 attendants.

The Caribou corps are now employed erecting a new barracks and junior hall, which will soon be pushed forward to completion. The soldiers here are characteristically heroic and will play their part well in the God-assigned mission of the Army in Newfoundland. Arrangements have been completed for building fourteen new barracks and eight officers' quarters, the soldiers and their sympathizers raising the money among themselves to defray the cost. What do you think of that for poor old Newfoundland, with its "fish and fow"? It is pretty hard to say just where the Brigadier will stop here. It looks as if he is tending to capture the whole island and place it under the S. A. flag.

Capt. McLean is rushing things at St. John's. She is a very busy officer, and her activity and earnestness have done much to inspire her soldiers with faith and courage to go forward in the light.

Capt. Harris, of the Shinn Corps, is small, but very good. The proverbial remark that the best of stuff is sometimes put up in small parcels is exceedingly appropriate in her case. God bless Capt. Harris in the performance of her self-denying, Christ-like duties, and crown her life with an abundance of success.

The Citadel is the great centre of activity and attraction. Adjt. Dowell is keeping up his reputation as a hustler. Big crowds attend all the meetings, and the weekly average of souls is fifteen. The Adjutant is a hard fighter, with an unswerving determination to show the enemy no quarter whatever. Seven young men are now at the Training Garrison, undergoing a course of training for the S. A. ministry. The brass instruments have arrived, and the band will have had sufficient practice to play in two weeks from now. This will give unbounded attraction and interest to the meetings at the Citadel. The collections all round are keeping up in the mark, and the people respond generously to special demands.

The three-months' Siege opened with a rousing temperance meeting at the Citadel on Thursday night last, and your modest correspondent had the honor of standing on the platform and saying a few words on the occasion. The sprightly and indefatigable Adjutant was in real fighting trim, and the meeting throughout was intensely interesting. It looks as if old General Apollon will have to beat a hasty retreat before the Siege is over. The singing on Thursday night was a very special feature of the meeting. Little Master Hodgwood's rendering of "The pearls gates are golden," was simply excellent.

The Rescue Home, under Adjt. Towell's well and careful management, is destined to become an unspeakable boon to the poor, unfortunate ones of this community. It is a very great pleasure to visit the Home and witness the indications of reform in those to whom it has afforded refuge.

R. T.

A LADDER

BEING S

→* FUL

THIS Ladder is constructed and is intended for those who wish to

- 1.—Set apart a special time, if possible, into so
- 2.—Read the article of
- 3.—Earnestly pray for
- 4.—On your knees be
- 5.—If this course be

FIRST STEP.

I am a Child of God. I am a child of God, confidence call God my know that Jesus Christ is and that He has pardoned have been converted—that and life have been changed. Spirit of God. The four of judgment, and hell has away. I love God, and I love Him. I hate sin, and I do evil any more. I pray my Bible, and love Christ, do a little work and money to extend the Kingdom on the earth, and very I could do more. I believe Saviour will be with me to die, acquit me in the ment, and then receive heaven to dwell with Him for

SECOND STEP.

I Know, with Sorrow, that Sin is in My Heart and Life

But, although I have felt that I am a child of God, I to my sorrow, that there are existing in my heart and ought not to be there, any much wish could I. For instance, there are in

Pride,
Vanity,
Bad Temper,
Malice, Hatred, and
Revengefulness,
Ambition,
Lust,
Sloth,
Love of the Praises
of the World,
Selfishness,
Want of Thoroughness
in Duty, etc., etc.

Honestly select from the particular evil, or evils, have reason to believe of your own heart, with which to battle, and which every then overcome and lead you to

Look at that particular

when discovered, until you feel their hatefulness, and detect and loathe them.

I find that these evils themselves in my conversation I discharge my part in the way I conduct my in almost every part of my I feel that these evils example as a Salvationist often prevent me reproving those around me, because I do so that I lay myself to change, "Physician, heal thyself also interfere greatly with me, causing me much vexation of spirit, often in actual sin, an account any brought into confession have to seek forgiveness, deplorable of all, I know evils relieve my Saviour, tarry to His will concerning in direct opposition to His I am sure I hate these long to be delivered from

A LADDER TO HOLINESS.

BEING SEVEN STEPS LEADING TO * FULL SALVATION, *

BY THE GENERAL.

(Reprinted by Request.)

THIS Ladder is constructed on the plan of the one "How to be Saved," and is intended for the use of those seeking for holiness of heart. To those who wish to use it we give the following counsel:—

- 1.—Set apart a special time for its consideration, and retire for this purpose, if possible, into some place where you can be alone with God.
- 2.—Read the article carefully and thoughtfully from first to last, and then go through it again as described below.
- 3.—Earnestly pray for the guidance of the Holy Spirit.
- 4.—On your knees before God, with all your heart, take one step at a time. Be careful not to leave the first step for the second until it is clearly understood, heartily accepted, and solemnly decided upon; and so on with the second and third steps, until the last is reached.
- 5.—If this course be followed, I feel quite sure that every sincere person will be brought into the possession of the desired blessing of "a clean heart."

FIRST STEP.

I am a Child of God.

I am a child of God. I can with confidence call God my Father. I know that Jesus Christ is my Saviour, and that He has pardoned my sins. I have been converted—that is, my heart and life have been changed by the Spirit of God. The four of death and judgment and hell have been taken away. I love God, and want to please Him. I hate sin, and want never to do evil any more. I pray and read my Bible, and love Christ's people. I do a little work and give a little money to extend the Kingdom of Heaven on the earth, and very much wish that I could do more. I hope that my Saviour will be with me when I come to die, and meet me in the Day of Judgment, and then receive me into Heaven to dwell with Him for ever.

SECOND STEP.

I Know, with Sorrow, that Sin Still Exists in My Heart and Life.

But, although I have this assurance that I am a child of God, I also know, to my sorrow, that there are evils still existing in my heart and life which ought not to be there, and which I very much wish could be removed. For instance, there are in my soul the remains of—

Pride,
Vanity,
Bad Temper,
Malice, Hatred, and Bitterness,
Revengefulness,
Ambition,
Lust,
Sloth,
Love of the Pleasures and Riches of the World,
Selfishness,
Want of Thorough Truthfulness,
Bury, etc., etc.

Honestly select from this list the particular evil, or evils, which you have reason to believe exist within your own heart, with which you have to battle, and which every now and then overcome and lead you into actual sin.

Look at that particular sin, or sins, when discovered, until you see and feel their unholiness, and until you detest and loathe them.

I find that these evils manifest themselves in my conversation, in the manner I discharge my family duties, in the way I conduct my business, and in almost every part of my daily life. I feel that these evils damage my example as a Salvationist, and very often prevent me reproving sin in those around me, because I feel when I do so that I lay myself open to the charge, "Physician, heal thyself." They also interfere greatly with my happiness, causing me much irritation and vexation of spirit, often leading me into actual sin, on account of which I am brought into condemnation, and have to seek forgiveness. That, most deplorable of all, I know that these evils grieve my Saviour, being contrary to His will concerning me, and in direct opposition to His word.

I am sure I hate these sins, and long to be delivered from them.



RECONCILIATION.

Reconciliation Must Precede the Direct Soul-Saving Effort, as the Plow Goes Before the Harvest.

THIRD STEP.

I Believe that Jesus Christ Can Save Me from All Sin.

From what I have read in the Bible by what I have heard from my comrades, and by the light God has given me by His Holy Spirit in my heart, I now see and believe that it is possible for me to be delivered from these inward and outward sins, and that I can be made holy in this life. I believe that I can, as the Scriptures say, be cleansed from all unrighteousness of the flesh and of the spirit, and enabled to perfect holiness in the fear of the Lord.

I do not expect to be delivered from temptation, or from sorrow, or from suffering, or from the possibility of falling into sin in this world; but I do believe that God can work such a change in my appetites and dispositions, and give me such a measure of the power of His Holy Spirit, as will enable me to live without committing sin. For now I see that the purpose for which Jesus Christ was born into the world, and for which He lived and died and rose again, was to destroy the works of the devil out of my heart and out of my life.

I believe that this blessing of holiness is offered to me in the Bible, and

urged upon my acceptance by the Holy Spirit, and that God is waiting to cleanse me from all impurity and make me clean. Even now, while I kneel before Him, He is saying to me, "I will sprinkle clean water upon you and you shall be clean: from all your iniquities and from all your idols I will cleanse you. A new heart also will I give you; and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh and will give you a heart of flesh. And I will put My Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in My statutes, and you shall keep My commandments and do them."

"Oh, joyful sound of Gospel grace.

Christ shall in me appear:

I, even I, shall see His face,

I shall be holy here.

"My heart shall be His constant home.

I hear His Spirit's cry:

Surely He saith, 'I quickly come,'

He saith, 'Who cannot lie.'"

FOURTH STEP.

I Now Choose, with All My Heart, to be Holy.

Believing that God has promised to cleanse my heart and my life when I ask Him to do so with all my heart, I

pleasure and holiness of my fellow-creatures.

(a) I put away everything evil in the thoughts, feelings, and imaginations of my heart.

(b) I give up all that appears to be evil, wasteful, or impure in my personal habits, whether in my eating, drinking, dressing, talking, or in any other particular.

(c) I give up and abandon everything that is wrong in the way I conduct myself in my family, in my dealings with my wife or husband (if I am married), with my children, or servants (if I have any), in my conduct towards my master or mistress (if I am so employed), and in my business and the general conduct of my daily life.

(d) Nay, not only do I here renounce those things which I know to be evil, but those things which appear to be doubtful. I will abstain from doing, or allowing to be done, so far as I can, anything about the rightness or wrongness of which I have any serious doubt. I read in my Bible that "He that doubteth is damned," which means condemned; and I will not be condemned by doing doubtful things.

SIXTH STEP.

I Consecrate Myself Fully to the Service of God.

Not only do I, by God's help, promise to cease from all evil, but I do fully and freely consecrate myself here and now to the service of my Lord. I do liberally and cheerfully lay myself and whatever I possess at His feet, and beg Him to make what use He can of so poor, weak, and unworthy an instrument as I am, and of such trifling treasures as I possess, for the promotion of His glory and the welfare of His creatures, both in this world and in the world to come.

I give Him my body that it may henceforth become His dwelling-place; I give Him my hands, feet, eyes, ears, tongue, and everything else connected with it, together with all its appetites and powers, for Him to keep and employ as He sees fit.

I give Him my mind with all the faculties of memory, judgment, imagination, conscience, and will, that He may cleanse it and preserve it blameless to the day of His coming.

I give Him my heart, with all there is in it—its capacities for affection, hatred, worship, hope, fear, faith—in order that He may purify, occupy, and fill it with His love.

I give Him my goods, and promise to regard them as belonging to Him and to His Kingdom, solemnly engaging to use them in such a way as I have reason to believe He will approve, and as He shall show me will be most productive of His glory and the benefit of my fellow-men.

In short, I give Him my life, and promise to regard myself henceforth as belonging as much to Him in the place where I now live as I expect I shall do when I come to live with Him in Heaven. I leave my condition and position entirely to His good pleasure. He can make me poor or rich, sick or well, the head or the foot. He can keep me on earth or take me to Heaven. I belong to Him.

SEVENTH STEP.

I Believe that God, for Jesus Christ's Sake, Cleanses Me Now.

And now, O Lord, believing that You want me to be holy; that Jesus Christ, by His death, has purchased for me this deliverance from all evil, and that You have promised to make me holy when I seek for the blessing with all my heart; and having the witness that I do at this moment renounce every evil way, and present myself a living sacrifice according to Your wish, I believe that You do here and now accept my offering and purify my heart.

As a stone which the builder takes and lays upon the foundation, so I this moment lay myself on the foundation which Jesus Christ has laid, even His own blessed body—a sacrifice which, by its merits, covers all the sins of my past life, and sanctifies the imperfect offering which I now make, and, regard less of fears or feelings, I do now believe that You do, for Christ's sake, receive me offering that I make; and that the Blood of Jesus Christ does this moment cleanse me from all inward and outward sin. Glory be to the Father, glory be to the Son, and glory be to the Holy Ghost! I am fully the Lord's and He is fully mine.

→* EASTERN STARLETS. *←

By MAJOR PICKERING.

Touring, to the people who are strong, becomes thing sometimes, but to the folks who have weak bottles doubly so.

The Provincial Officer, Major Pickering, is not daunted by difficulties, however, and in spite of a crippled limb, has gone through a most successful tour.

NEW GLASGOW came first. The P.O. arrived at midnight, having met the Chancellor by the way. We were met by Capt. McElaney, publishing over with enthusiasm about his corps. Thursday the officers of the District came in and the P.O. conducted two councils, dealing with every phase of an officer's work and life. They will be long remembered.

The barracks was packed at night for a great demonstration. The P.O. was unable to do much, although present. The Chancellor, Staff-Capt. Farwell, led off a very spirited gathering, at which Adjt. McLean and Capt. Lamont, formerly of this corps, assisted. Everybody delighted. Westville brass band came in and helped make things go.

GLACE BAY was reached Saturday afternoon. The corps turned out in force to give the P.O. and Chancellor a welcome, and soon we were in the midst of a happy, shouting crowd.

The welcome Saturday night was a "dandy" and no mistake, soldiers boiling over. Sunday, in the Victoria Hall immense crowds gathered. Baby Freda Thompson was dedicated in the afternoon, after which the P.O. met the soldiers. What a time it was. At night the magnificent crowd sat spell-bound listening to our leader. The day's fighting resulted in 11 souls at the Mercy Seat. Everybody delighted, and crying, "Come again soon." Capt. and Mrs. Thompson have a good hold and are doing grand work.

Monday found us on our way to SYDNEY. What a change in a few months. Six months ago Sydney was quite a sleepy place, but now all is bustle and activity. The great new Iron Works has brought nearly 5,000 new people into the town. Houses are being put up by the hundred. The Salvation Army has risen with the tide, and our barracks has been filled every night, with crowds of the right sort. The Major met the Cape Breton officers during the day in council, and each one seemed possessed with a great determination to do something MORE, and expressed themselves anxious to push the war faster than ever. Meanwhile outside a furious storm of rain was raging, flooding the roads, and unking traffic a great difficulty. It ceased, however, by meeting time, and a full house of people crowded in to hear the Provincial Officer. The Captain had worked hard to get a crowd, and he was rewarded. A rousing salvation meeting followed, and resulted in three souls—two women and a man. There is a great future before Sydney. Capt. Percy has things well in hand.

NORTH SYDNEY came next on the list. Things here have been rather low for a long time, but the break is coming. Capt. Brown and Lieut. A. MacRae have just gone in and report good meetings. Eggs sold, and they assured us the debt of \$80 would soon be wiped away. The hall was nicely filled in spite of a "War" meeting close by. We had a good time, but none yielded. Keep at it, Captain, the break will come.

SYDNEY MINES was visited next night. The Methodist Church had a good crowd, nearly all converted. Capt. Doyle has worked among many discouragements, being unsettled, not always sure of the hall, but he has worked hard and done well for the children.

HALIFAX was reached Friday night, where we were soon made comfortable by the kindness of Adjt. and Mrs. McLean. The week-end evangelizing commenced at HALIFAX 11, where, in spite of the bad weather, a good crowd gathered. The meeting

was a fiery one. Many were in tears and a big impression was made. Capt. and Mrs. Lorimer are doing well.

HALIFAX 1, at night had a splendid crowd Sunday morning, who eagerly listened to the truths. Four souls knelt at the Mercy Seat at the close.

DARTMOUTH was visited in the afternoon, and we had a nice meeting. We were pleased to see the barracks open again after the serious illness of Mrs. Capt. Pelly, whom it was a pleasure to find getting better, although still needing our prayers.

HALIFAX 1, at night again. Full house and a marvellous meeting. No one wanted to go when the prayer meeting came. The devil worked to prevent victory, but a strong, united "hallelujah" charge resulted in the capture of three men—splendid cases. Hallelujah!



MAJOR PICKERING, P. O. Eastern Province.

DARTMOUTH was again visited on Monday night. All the city corps united to hear the P.O.'s famous lecture on the "International Social Work." A splendid audience, including M. P., representatives of the churches, etc. They listened for an hour and thirty minutes, alternately moved to laughter and tears, as the Major graphically described the various scenes and accomplishments of the General's great scheme. One soldier regretfully said the Major should have started at dinner time, then he could get through it all.

Adjt. Jost was introduced at this gathering, as the new commanding officer of the Rescue Home. Staff-Capt. Farwell made a good speech, the chief points being brevity and wit. Halifax looks and sounds very "war-like" at present, with marching troops and other preparations. The S. A., under Adjt. and Mrs. McLean and their officers are pushing ahead.

WINDSOR, the last on the tour, was reached early Tuesday, and we were soon in the midst of the first of two officers' councils. At night, in spite of the heavy rainstorm, we had the place crowded. Each officer had a word. The Chancellor vividly described his conversion. Then the Major, Bible in hand, launched forth in spite of great weakness, and for forty minutes swayed the large crowd. After a well-fought prayer meeting, two souls volunteered in man and a woman. We finished with a song of victory.

Next day we journeyed home, crossing the Bay of Fundy in a furious gale, heavy seas sweeping across the steamer.

During this tour the Major has conducted eight officers' meetings, and met 10 officers; 16 public meetings, at which 25 souls have knelt at the Mercy Seat, and \$125 were given in the collections. The Major has returned very much gratified with the prospects in this part of the Province. Unfortunately he is very unwell, and needs our prayers. He is, however, laying plans for another campaign.

Attack on St. John.

Mrs. Major Pickering, assisted by Mrs. Staff-Capt. Hawling, Capt. Stubbins and Lieut. Upham, of the Provincial Staff, have been doing a series of meetings at the city corps.

ST. JOHN V, the first Sunday was a distinct success. A crowded barracks, red-hot meetings, and three souls were saved in the afternoon, and four in the evening. The newly-promoted Captain Kirk is doing well here.

CARLETON, the second place, was the scene of some heavy fighting, resulting in one soul set at liberty. Things have been hard, but victory is coming. Capt. and Mrs. Allan have taken well hold. A full hall rewarded their announcements of the visit.

ST. JOHN III, is like a "Salvation furnace." The P.O.'s wife and her Staff were assisted by Adjt. Jost, who was farwelling. One soul was saved in the afternoon, and three more at night. Adjt. Byers has got well hold of things here.

ST. JOHN I, was the fourth battle field. A splendid crowd gathered. Adjt. Jost said her final goodbye, amidst universal regret. St. John's loss will be a gain to Halifax. Amidst the nice speeches made, the song-singing was not forgotten. Under a strong appeal from the Adjutant, Mrs. Staff-Capt. Hawling and Mrs. Major Pickering, who pulled in the net and successfully engineered the prayer meeting through, six souls sought salvation, some very pathetic cases among them. At each corps the cry has been, "Come again soon."

St. John is rising, and each corps is determined to do their share in lifting the flag higher—"Westerners."

Women's Social Secretary Leads Old-Time Week-End at Yorkville.

The war still goes on. Desperate fighting in this part of the field.

On the 10th day of February, 1904, the Yorkville company made a sortie from their old entrenchment, on Yorkville Ave., and captured the Red Lion Block, a stronghold of the enemy, on Yonge St., which is now being used as a barracks for the forces.

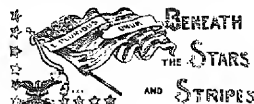
Sunday, Feb. 15th, was a red-hot day at the Red Lion Block barracks. At 11 o'clock, Lieut. Col. Reid ordered the amalgamation of the Yorkville corps and Rescue Staff, and immediately they went to the heavily armed barracks to fit them for the day's fight.

At 2:30 p.m. we marched past the enemy's camp, surveyed their position and returned to the Red Lion Block entrenchment, where we found a good crowd of the enemy earnestly desiring to know the conditions on which one and all might become subjects of the King of Kings and citizens of heaven. Major Stewart read the word of God to the people and gave an address on the League of Mercy.

At 7 p.m. a still greater crowd gathered. The Lieut.-Colonel, and it was the crowning time of the day, Mrs. Reid called on Father Blincked who calls himself a camp follower and he gave us a very interesting talk on old times, with a sketch in his own experience. Mrs. Reid then read from God's word speaking on the far-reaching influence of Christ's boundless love. That Mrs. Reid still retains the old power of touching the hearts of her hearers could be attested by the fact that she was demonstrated by the result of her appeal. First came a young man, introduced by his wife, and another sister. To God be glory for ever.

Yorkville corps says, "Come again next week!"—A. Rose, Capt.

VALLEY CITY. Since Esau Taylor has taken charge of this corps beautiful interest prevails. Our hall is nearly filled every night. On Thursday night the Esau's sermon on the happiness of the gaily, and the unhappiness of the ungaily, riveted the attention of the people, and many were led to think of their eternal welfare. A. C., for Esau Taylor and Capt. Meyers.



The Twentieth Anniversary was a triumph. Commissioner Howard was given a royal welcome. The first Sunday's fight, led by the Commander and Consul, resulted in 24 captives. The leading visitors specculated at the city corps, and all reported souls saved. The councils were sublime. The great gathering at the Carnegie Hall promises, at the time the American Cry closed, to eclipse all previous demon stratagems.

This from the latest English War Cry: "In bygone days I used to be unduly called a sheep-eater," said Commissioner Booth-Tucker. In the course of his address at Exeter Hall, Well, from all that I heard during his stay in London, the faculty or quality for this occupation is far from dormant in him. He was observed providing in the Editorial deus, and made no secret of his intentions at the Clapton Training Homes. Up to his departure, however, I had not heard of his success in capturing a single hare; the cooking process is, therefore, I fear, a long way off!"—(Lancet Daily).

Staff-Capt. Adams was in evidence at the reception meeting in New York as the commander of a new Anniversary song.

The 140 men, women, and children who constitute the Salvation Army, settled down known as Fort Andy Colony, represents, probably, as much energy, enterprise, and enthusiasm as you will find among a like number anywhere. The result of their energetic work is everywhere apparent. The public school has an enrolment of over forty pupils, and is taught by an able Christian young woman from Denver. Staff-Capt. Burrows, usually spoken of as J. B., is the secretary of the district here.

Speaking of the Boston Social work, the War Cry states: "Never a day but the slum lass begins chattering to the unsatisfying child and food to the hungry, and few are the hard days of winter when she does not find occasions to distribute food as well. Sometimes it must be all these, and more, she brings, for many a time a slum lass has stepped between a penniless household and the dispossessed that would cast them, naked and starving, upon the street. Boston's slums are said by the police officials to be among the very toughest of such malodorous quarters in this country; but there isn't a policeman serving a beat through that section of the city who will not concede that in neighborhoods where the Army has fastened itself, slum lassies and soldiers have largely had the effect of a moral disinfectant."

Let the Man Reform Before Marriage.

"A girl should never marry a man who she may reform him," writes Margaret Sangster, in the February Ladies' Home Journal. "If he is in need of reformation let him prove himself worthy by turning from evil and setting his face steadfastly and perseveringly to good before he asks a girl to surrender herself and her life to him. Nor should a girl be too impatient with father, mother, and friends if they counsel delay in deciding a matter which is to influence her whole career and her lover's, when they, with clearer eyes than her own, perceive in him an unsuitability to her."

Work Here; Rest Hereafter.

Thank God, we have got all eternity to rest in. This is the place to work. I play my child of God that wants to sleep all the time down here. Brothers, sisters, wake up! We have got plenty of time to rest hereafter. The question is not what Gabriel can do, or what we will do when we get to heaven; the question is, What can we do and do before we get there?—D. T. Moody.

CHASING THE DEVIL



The General health, and conduct at Manchester was—

We are sorry to hear that Mr. Cropper, the accountant, gave the employees an address of hook-keeping, meeting room was those present, Mr. Pollard and Council, founded a tentative experience, intel.

Mrs. Colonel H. Officers dispensed a farthing breakfast. At most of the consists of a large big mug of hot chapel officers, however prefer a meal day. They provide of fare. One day other boiled haric rice-pudding and.

The English V. and Bailey, who of Hall corps, has a officer. He was lights in the early and Herbert Booth Training Homes. The Chief Secretary in more recent appoint the commands of I. Australia, and J. Bailey is a Canadian children were born in three different Bailey is a daughter minister."

The tea given on night, at our Black royal—the men called. The night outburst the worst of this those who live in what this signifies. Five hundred men women have been there—homeless, and smiling. It was annual feed, and the Staff of the City friends of Lazarus Millmolland, one of journalists, wholly City. The men have

Lord Railstock, religious world in and addressed on the Parks Sale and. The South Division work. A great enrolled in that of January. Commissioner tents to open shelter for women able institution.

In a little Swiss men, who for a troubling the meet Jesus. It was a g Esau's Hull, t porteur, is scour

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CHASING
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WORLD

The General has been restored to health, and conducted great meetings at Manchester and Leeds.

We are sorry to state the Chief of Staff has been attacked by influenza.

Mr. Cropper, the Army's well-known accountant, gave H.Q.'s officers and employees an address on the principles of book-keeping. The moon-day prayer meeting room was crowded, among those present being Commissioners Pollard and Coombs. Mr. Cropper's counsel, founded on a sound and extensive experience, was much appreciated.

Mrs. Colonel Day's London Slim Officers dispensed nearly two thousand farthing breakfasts a week or so ago. At most of the corps the breakfast consists of a large currant-bun and a big mug of hot cocoa. The White-chapel officers, however, find the children prefer a meal in the middle of the day. They provide a very varied bill of fare. One day it will be soup, another boiled haricot beans, and a third rice-pudding and jam.

The English War Cry states: "Colonel Bailey, who came out of Regent Hall corps, has a varied career as an officer. He was one of the shining lights in the early days of Commandant Herbert Booth's command of the Training Homes. He was for some time Chief Secretary in Canada, and Chief Secretary in South Africa. His more recent appointments have been the commands of New Zealand, South Australia, and Japan. Mrs. Colonel Bailey is a Canadian, and her three children were born. If I mistake not, in three different continents. Mrs. Bailey is a daughter of a Canadian minister."

The tea given on a recent Thursday night, at our Bucklers' Shelter, was myal—the men called it "sumptuous." The night outside was as dismal as the worst of this month, and only those who live in London can take in what this signified. Inside the Shelter five hundred men, who, but for it would have been the majority of them—homeless, were warm, happy and smiling. It was the night of their annual feed, and there came to it the Staff of the City Colony, and many Clouds of Lazarus, including Mr. Millthorpe, one of the stars in the journalistic whirlpool of New York City. The men had a delightful time.



Lord Radstock, well known in the religious world in Europe, attended and addressed one of the meetings in the Paris Salle Anber.

The South Division is doing good work. A great many soldiers were enrolled in that Division on the first of January.

Commissioner South-Hellberg intends to open shortly in Paris a night shelter for women and another charitable institution.

In a little Swiss town eight young men, who, for a long time, had been troubling the meetings, surrendered to Jesus. It was a great victory.

Easton Hall, the Salvationist Colporteur, is scouring the country, in-

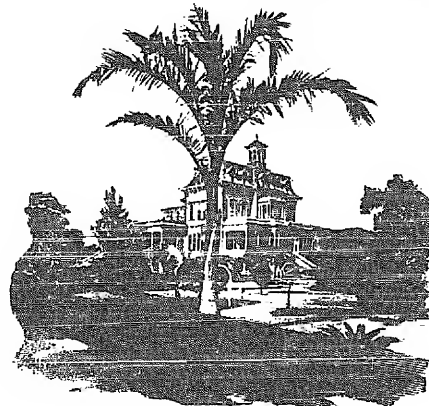
troducing the Gospel and Salvationist literature everywhere.

At Basle 30 backsliders came back to Jesus lately. 300 persons attended an all-night of prayer conducted by Easton Ehrard, the Editor of our Swiss papers.

20 Candidates have entered the Zurich Training Home.



In the Argentine Republic many of our officers have been tried by the high temperature of the season. Several were confined to their beds, and some were granted a well-needed furlough.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, HONOLULU, S. I.

Brigadier Penrice has visited the corps under his command. His trip was most successful. He came back to his quarters convinced that the war is progressing rapidly in the country. He entertains great hopes for the near future.

The calendar sold by the Quebec Ayres Headquarters has been in great demand. It represents the Cross and the S. A. Colors, and contains a fine cut of our General. The calendar is printed in five colors.



Colonel and Mrs. Bailey have just arrived in London, to take up a new appointment. Spreading of the work in Japan, the Colonel says, in answer to the War Cry's query, "What about Japan?"

"All right! Give it time, patience, leadership, and officers, and it will be, in the religious world, what the race is proverbially considered to be—it will be a diamond-gem of Christian conquest."

"Our position as a whole is what?" "Encouraging from whatever point you look at it. The Army is, and will be for some time, in the infantile stage as far as numerical growth goes. Visit a Japan hall. There are no seats, or next to none. The audience stroll in and out as if the proceedings were a novelty in a fair. The people squat on the floor. We testify, read, explain, apply, sing, pray, plead. Then comes the tug-of-

war. The officers and Salvationists separate, each entering into conversation (not argument) with the people—a sight to be relished by bayonet-loving Salvationists. At length someone cries, smiles, bows, moves toward the front as if—to European eyes—he was to extend congratulations to the officer, but he kneels, and prays, and believes, and is saved.

"If I were asked to say what substantial good God had enabled us to do for Japan, I should point to our forty-four officers, thirty-one of whom are native-born. They have developed in every way, and understand the genius, purpose, and regulations of the Army as well as any I have met. All they lack is experience, and that will follow in time.

"Then you have to live with them to appreciate their devotion, self-denial, and love for sinners. Some of these thirty-one will often spend nights in prayer, and go to the mountains to wrestle in spirit with the Holy Ghost for that Calvary zeal and passion, without which it is impossible to dispel the spiritual and moral darkness of any land, but especially an Eastern.

"The Japanese officers love the Army. They revere and adore their General, and sigh many a prayer that he may visit them before he goes up above the skies. The Army is the hope of the country. This is not merely our opinion: it is the frankly-admitted conviction of those who have lived long in the country.

"We have ample liberty to prosecute our work in town and village, where

member of the Church, but I do love the Salvation Army, for they have done wonders for my poor boy, and I shall always say, 'God bless the Salvation Army!'

Referring to the village of Poyvyn, South India, a letter from Brigadier Yesu Ratnam, just come to hand says, "All the people in the village being now Salvationists, the old heathen temple was publicly taken over, and the idols destroyed. The idol in the Temple represented the village god and goddess. Armed with iron crowbars and rice-pounders, Major Hira Singh and Major Fryer, and myself, and the enthusiastic hallelujahs of the soldiers, made short work of them. We hope, with some alterations, to turn the place into an officers' quarters. Read Psalm II, 8."

Oddments.

The Marchale's Belgian Campaign has been owned of God. The meetings have been attended by crowds, who were nightly taken hold of. At Quatrepoint ten souls came out publicly for salvation. At Charleroi, Miss D. sister of the Editor and proprietor of an influential newspaper, who was captured in the last campaign of the Marchale's, was publicly sworn in as a soldier. Last night at Marchale's souls came out crying for salvation.

A special winter campaign, now in full swing in Finland, is producing some truly inspiring results. The first fortnight saw nearly four hundred souls at the penitent form, an average of ten per corps. Our special "Day of Souls," in which the three Helsingfors corps took part, was crowned with fifty-four souls at the Cross. Out of twenty-six souls won at another corps, twenty-one regularly turn up at the converts' meetings and are giving promise of becoming good soldiers.

Staff-Capt. Gordon, who has just been promoted to the rank of Major, resides in Florence. It is said he possesses the largest collection of Salvation Army photographs of any officer on the Continent. He is an authority on the lantern, and his lectures to the Italians of the Army are a useful tail-piece to our operations in Italy.

Commissioner McKie reports that there has been a truly wonderful change in the attitude of the public of Cologne since the opening of a slim corps in that town. The newspapers have spoken very highly of the effort. A free dinner, given to a number of poor people on the occasion of the Emperor's birthday, was also very favorably commented upon by the Press.

Each Can Do Something.

There isn't a child of God but can do something if he will. Go home on fire, and see if you can't get people to go to church. If you can't get grown people, get the children. If you can't get people to go to church, go to their homes. Hold meetings in the school-houses. Go up into these mountains and visit the families. All along in New England and all through this country—through Pennsylvania and the Middle States—look at the thousands and thousands of families in the outlying districts that are not in the habit of hearing preaching, and as things are now there is no way of reaching them. I'd like to see laymen preaching to these people. I don't believe they are ever going to be reached till the latter go to work. You haven't got to wait till you are ordained. Christ's commission is to every one: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." If we are the branches we are to bring forth fruit. Make up your mind you are going to bring forth fruit. When I was in London, an old woman of eighty-five came and begged to be given something to do. I gave her a district, and how joyfully she took it and went to work. People who would have closed the door on a young man wouldn't close the door on an old woman of eighty-five. If everyone would do as much as she did, what a difference there would be! —D. L. Moody.



Commissioner Higgins writes that the distress caused by the famine in India is terrible in the extreme, and begs Uncle Paul, of the English War Cry, to say just one word: That a shilling a week from one hundred subscribers for a few weeks, could save us many lives, and preach a more powerful discourse on the glories of Christianity to a heathen world than tens and tens of tracts, and even Bibles, which only the educated are able to read.

The urgent appeals on behalf of the famine-stricken in India have brought forth many most touching instances of self-denial on the part of the people in very humble circumstances. One dear woman, in sending ten shillings to Mrs. Booth, writes, "I am a poor woman with a husband afflicted for twelve years, but, thanks be to God, I have never wanted bread for my poor children. It makes my heart ache to read of the miseries of the poor Indians in your papers. I am a

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Territorial Headquarters,
Cape Town,
January 10th, 1900.

Although just now things are comparatively quiet all along the borders, the general opinion seems to be that it is only the calm that precedes a storm.

Thank God, we of the Salvation Army here in South Africa are realizing more and more our responsibilities towards the combatants of both forces, and the zealous, unflinching, self-denying labors of our officers now at the front especially among the sick, and wounded, and dying—are becoming increasingly recognized, appreciated, and acknowledged. It is an unfortunate fact, but one for which we are in no way responsible, that ever since the outbreak of hostilities, in October last, scarcely a line has reached us from any of our comrades now engaged with the Boer forces, beyond the very welcome communication recently received from Staff-Capt. Clark, to which reference has already been made. We have, therefore, to be content mainly with rumor, all of which goes to show that in various directions the Salvation Army is well represented within the Boer lines.

It is certain, however—and it should be specially mentioned—that nearly the whole of our Afrikaner officers, both in Cape Colony and in Natal have relatives among the Boer forces, and some of these are known to have been killed, wounded, or taken prisoner. For these comrades the utmost sympathy is felt, and was demonstrated to the full at our recent Territorial Congress in Cape Town, from the Commissioner downwards; and as we are all one in Christ Jesus, and members of the self-same family, we feel sure that these officers will be remembered in the prayers of every War Cry reader who sends these lines.

Among British and Boer alike our officers are proclaiming the glad tidings of salvation wherever and whenever the opportunity presents itself. As matters now stand, however, we are necessarily brought more in touch

With the Imperial Troops,

among whom our devoted Leaguers are tending up in ever-increasing numbers with the arrival of fresh regiments. A large proportion of these—indeed, perhaps the largest proportion in no way isolated—are those at Modder River and locally. Here Major Smith and Ensign Scott have been actively engaged for some weeks in a blessed work with most encouraging results.

The Major paid a flying visit to Cape Town for the Territorial Congress a few days ago, whereupon your Correspondent interviewed him as follows:

"Well, Major, any adventures to recount?"

"Yes, more than that I would admit of my telling at present. Amongst many others we spent a night in the guard-room, and another by the side of a transport wagon on the veldt. On our arrival at Modder River we had a most interesting experience. Our tent-pole had by some means disappeared during the journey, and, after walking and carrying our luggage about two miles, from the place where the tent stopped to the camp, we found ourselves, upwards of twenty, homeless. We cast about for a place to sleep, and found an old dilapidated room, the windows of which had been smashed, and the door and

Walls Perforated with Bullets.

"Here we slept two days and nights until we found the shirt of a cart, and made a tent-pole of the same, and now once more got under canvas. Our adventures were not finished even then, as we found out during the first thunderstorm, when the tent was torn past repair, came down with a crash, and left us in the night half-frozen, with the rain coming down in torrents. However, we got shelter for the remainder of the night, and when a friend saw us in the morning huddled under a cart, he took pity on us and lent us a tent for the time being."

"How many Leaguers have you in camp?"

"A few weeks ago we had about thirty-six, but at the battle of Magersfontein we lost five, so that we now number thirty-one, but others are fast

arriving. Of course, these are not all in one place—they are made up of comrades from various regiments, and, consequently, extend over a good bit of ground."

"And the spiritual condition of the Leaguers?"

"I have been very much impressed with the Leaguers I came across. They are not only good Christians, but sterling Salvationists, and they are

Respected by Their Comrades

for their out-and-outness. A soldier does not like sham in religion, and is very quick to detect that which is unreal, but unsaved men have many times testified to the soundness of the religion of Salvationists and Leaguers with whom they associate every day."

out to the last battle. On his return he said to me, "Your hands and mine were in my mind the whole of the time I have been away, and during the engagements, when bullets were coming thick and fast around me, your last words, 'The Lord bless thee, and keep thee, the Lord cause His face to shine upon thee, and give thee peace,' were always present, and, added this comrade, 'Glory be to God, He did it!'"

"Have you been in any engagements?"

"We were with the troops at the

Battle of Magersfontein.

and were able to render assistance with the wounded, and to some who, though not wounded, were thoroughly exhausted by the heat and exposure."

"What about ambulance work?"

"We have been privileged to take part in this also by assisting the wounded in and out of the trains and into the hospitals provided for their

"Now that it is known throughout the camp that the Salvation Army is here, the men flock to our meetings. An open-air here in camp is a sight not easily forgotten. Each means an audience of about three hundred. The men seem eager to hear the truth, and openly acknowledge that they have been blessed. We loan the troops song books and pick the songs that are mostly known, and it is beautiful to hear the men sing. The men have left us addresses of their wives and relatives to write in the event of their being killed. The Christians have told us some marvelous escapes which they have had whilst their comrades have been falling around them. They think God for His goodness! Our tent has been flooded out for two days. This makes it uncomfortable for sleeping on the ground. Our Leaguers in camp are always willing to testify and speak for the Master among their companions. A beautiful spirit prevails among them."

All our officers on the Natal side are in good health and spirits. Adjutant Murray is peering away in the interest of our Leaguers and troops generally in and about Pietermaritzburg. Major Smith is bravely fighting in his Division (Natal and Zululand) under exceptional difficulties, bravely and cheerfully supported by his officers. In a letter just to hand the Major says, "No part of the country has suffered more than fair Natal. Even now her beautiful fields are the arena of the contending forces, and any moment another bloody battle may be fought."

How Long, O Lord?"

Next week our Commissioner will be paying his first visit to Natal and Zululand, and his presence will be heartily welcomed, and will, no doubt, be a means of inspiration and encouragement to our far-distant comrades.

The Congress was an unqualified success, though the compulsory absence of many dear comrades was greatly regretted. Officers have returned to their corps in splendid spirits, baptized with the love of Calvary, and more determined than ever to fight and conquer every step of the way. It would be idle to deny that the fight is exceedingly hard; this fact may be better imagined by our readers than described by your correspondent. Yes, we are being sorely "hit"—as the British Cry put it the other week, but never in the history of the Salvation Army here in South Africa have comrades manifested a more resolute spirit, and never was our trust and confidence in God, or our loyalty and devotion to our General and the dear old Flag, more needed than now. At this, the beginning of a new year, we can therefore joyfully shout "Hallelujah!" and we shall "keep believing."—G. Stevens.

The Modern Mother and Her Son.

She is Too Busy Setting the World Right to Teach Him Great Truths.

"A man learns his politics and opinions from his father and other men, but his religion from his mother," writes An American Mother, in the February Ladies' Home Journal. "No vicious manhood can quite kill the faith which sprang in his soul when he knelt, a little child, at her knee every night, or was hushed to sleep on her breast while she sang that sweet story of old, where Jesus was here among men. In earlier times in this country a mother had little work outside of her house and children. She watched her boy day and night to keep him near to God and out of the devil's clutches. It was she who told him of the Babe and the Cross out of the Old Book which lay on the table beside her bed. He saw her turn to it when she was happy, when she was wept, when she was old and dying. So it came that there was nothing so near to God in that man's eyes as his mother, her Bible, and her Savior. But that woman is long ago dead and buried. The modern mother talks of her as some coarse animal whose ignoble life was started out in a cage. Her own feet are set in a large room. Her horizon takes in the world. She mingles political canvases, civic affairs, countless domestic and foreign missions, Art, literature, society, and helpless humanity claim her. She rises every morning knowing that a hotbed old world is waiting for her to set it right."

QUAINT ILLUSTRATED RHYMES.—No. 2.



"Base Error shrieks, and trembles with affright,
When Truth descends, arrayed in heavenly light."

"Is there plenty of room for the Salvation Army in the camp?"

"Decidedly. 1. In my humble estimation the Salvation Army is the organization best able to do individual visitation and deal with these men about spiritual things. 2. A large proportion of the men in camp (quite apart from our Leaguers) have been regular attendants at the various Salvation Army barracks in the Old Country, and, in fact, never attended anywhere else except when hurried. They are our people, and it would be wrong if we were not on the spot to minister to their eternal welfare. 3. Even with all the work that is being done, there are still portions of the camp practically untouched, or, at all events, only get a service or meeting on rare occasions."

"And the value of your work?"

"It is always a difficult matter to set any value on one's work, but from the men's standpoint I can answer best by quoting the testimony of one of the Christian lads (not a Salvationist) who attended our Sunday morning meeting on the day the troops went

reception. At Orange River, whilst I was assisting to get the men out of the hospital train, Ensign Scott became stretcher-bearer, and helped to carry the men to the hospital. We worked at this far into the night."

"Has not hospital visitation had some attention from you?"

"Whenever there have been any wounded in the hospital we have made it our business to visit them regularly, and have thus been able to minister comfort and spiritual consolation to both the British and the Boers who have been for the time being in camp. These visits have been much appreciated by both sides, and they have looked forward to our coming again."

"One more question, Major: Are you returning to the front?"

"Most certainly! I only came down for the Congress, and all being well I

Return to Modder River

to-night, to be ready to proceed with the division throughout the campaign."

Writing from the camp of the Third Division, Lieut. Warwick says:



Maxims from Men of Mark.

"Many years ago," says Commissioner Booth-Tucker, "I made up my mind that I would do as God told me the first time He asked me, and I have hoped me never to go back on my resolution."

"You do not wear your crown, no wise can ever wear it. An open eye or a false friend may take it from you, but they cannot wear it in stead."—Commissioner Howard.

"No one has ever had an opportunity to them that they have not also the chance of missing. Look out!"—Commissioner Hutton.

What a Soldier Should Know

Neco be No Drones.
The Salvation Army there is work for persons of every capacity and station. Soldiers should every chance of speaking the barracks or in the air, praying in the most selling War Cry, visiting the sick, visiting the sick, or the like.

To Do Where There are Wars.

A soldier should take special interest in the War in which he lives; he should ask for the direction of his duty as to what he can do for the war within it, and follow that direction, should he be according to his own judgment upon God for guidance and

To Do Where There are Not.

Places where the War system has been established or kept up should, notwithstanding, special interest in the streets or his home, and carry out some plan of operation for the good of people.

Every Day at all Times.

The duty of every soldier is always to bring fresh people to army services, to convict of sin and lead to God all unsaved persons, and especially to follow up, and persevere in the labor for the salvation of sinners.

ON BOTH KNEES.

Sam Dawson once told this story of how humble the soul must be to find peace. He said that at a recent meeting a little lad was used to kneel down to his mother and said, "John So-and-So is under command and seeking for peace, but he can't find it to-night, mother." "Why not?" said she. "Because he's only down on one knee, mother. He will never get peace until he is down on both knees." Until then he brings us down on both knees we are completely humbled, we have no hope in ourselves, we cannot find the Savior. — Moody.

Moody: "Why do you wear this?"

Salvationist: "That you may ask me."

GAZETTE.

Appointments.

ADJUT. HOLMAN, of Toronto Rescue Home, to St. John, N. B., Rescue Home.

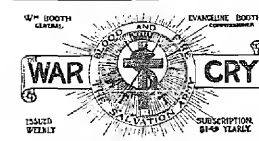
ADJUT. JOST, of the St. John, N. B., Rescue Home, to the Halifax Rescue Home.

MRS. ENSIGN PAYNE, of the Hamilton Rescue Home, to the Ottawa Rescue Home.

Marriage.

Capt. Adam Lohmer, who came out of Westville, N. S., to Capt. Bessie Campbell, who came out of St. John, N.B., on January 18th, at Carleton, N. B., by Major Pickering.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Field Commissioner.



MISS BOOTH, of the Salvation Army, is at the St. John, N. B., Rescue Home, at the Salvation Army Printing House, 18 Albert Street, Toronto.

All communications referred to the contents of the War Cry, should be addressed to the Field Commissioner, at the St. John, N. B., Rescue Home, at the Salvation Army Printing House, 18 Albert Street, Toronto.

The Siege.

KEEP THE AIM IN VIEW.

We cannot too often repeat the warning, in all our efforts, never to lose sight of the ultimate aim—the salvation of souls. Let us not stick in ruts, let us do desperate things, let us use any and every legitimate means—keep the aim in view. We do not go so far as to endorse unreservedly the motto of a certain order, "The End Justifies the Means," but we say heartily the end justifies any legitimate means.

ADHERE TO THE PLAN.

Be careful to make all efforts and arrangements in harmony with the Siege Instructions. Working to a plan is essential to the success of a large and scattered organization, and unity of action in itself is a great power, even though the acting forces are out of touch with each other. It was a well-planned action, courageously and promptly carried out, that brought about the brilliant success of General French, in the relief of Kimberley, and it will be acting promptly within the limitation of the Siege plan that will bring about a glorious result in the setting free of hundreds of sin-burdened souls.

WORK YOUR BRAIN.

Keeping in mind the ultimate aim, and the outline of the Siege program, don't be afraid of some real hard thinking. Time spent in thinking is not wasted, but well invested. Take in your situation, its weaknesses and its strong points, and your opportunities, then think and fit the Siege plan to your particular corps and condition. You will find yourself well paid for some real hard brain work.

KEEP IN TOUCH WITH HEAVEN.

Keep your soul well watered, pray much about everything, and the blessing of God will descend upon well-broken and well-sown ground. Your harvest may not ripen in a day, but it will be sure. Don't forget that His eyes are running to and fro throughout the Territory, and at the first

chance you will give God to do it. He will show Himself strong on your behalf, and a mighty awakening will be the consequence. Pray!

"The Scarlet Thread."

Miss Booth presents in this edition the first part of her powerful address, "The Scarlet Thread," in print. The Commissioner has added to it the story as represented in the various scenes. The thousands of our readers who were unable to be present at the Massey Hall will be pleased at this opportunity to read what they were unable to hear and see for themselves, and in view of the fact that Miss Booth will reproduce the scenic service in various places as per announcement on this page the War Cry readers residing in the places to be visited will be glad to have an opportunity of receiving from the article some idea as to what they may expect. The title, "The Scarlet Thread," is an excellent choice, and its application is pointed and powerful. The article will not fail to prove of exceptional fascination to the reader, while the scenic service will amply show how successfully the subject can be adapted to such presentation.

HEADQUARTERS' HAPPENINGS.

Lieut.-Colonel Mrs. Reid specialised at Yorkville on Sunday, and reports successful meetings and three seekers.

VVV

Major Thayer, who has been to New York on a visit, arrived home on Saturday. He reports having had a good time.

VVV

Staff-Capt. Archibald is just about able to be around again. He conducted his first meeting this week, shone his illness.

VVV

The alterations to the Temple are now completed. Large letters have been put up on the front of the Temple, reading as follows: "The Salvation Army Territorial Headquarters."

Capt. Edwards, of the Farm, is at present on furlough.

VVV

Brigadier and Mrs. Pamble and family are moving to Montreal this week.

VVV

Major and Mrs. Smeaton specialised at Dovercourt on Sunday. Staff-Capt. Manton assisted. One soul came out for salvation.

VVV

Every member of the Trade Headquarters Staff is a Local Officer at one of the city corps. One of them (Major Horn) is Treasurer, at River-side, while the remaining three are S.M.s.

VVV

The General Secretary visited Lisson, St. last Sunday morning, in company with Staff-Capt. Stanton, and spent a good time. At night Richmond St. was favored. There was a good crowd and one seeker.

THE WEEK.

February 26th, 1900.

THE WAR.

The situation in South Africa has undergone a great change during the week. General Buller has made some progress by clearing the south bank of the Tugela River, to the East of Chieveley, of the Boer troops, taking several camps, a wagon load of ammunition and a few prisoners. The Boer forces around Ladysmith appear to be weakening on account of the Free Staters being drawn to the defence of their own country. The operations in northern Cape Colony are on the sea-saw plan; the Boers have forced the British to retire from Deutsberg, and the British have taken possession of Dordrecht. 140 Witboies were captured by the Boers at Deutsberg. Twenty Americans were surrounded by Boers and died fighting to a man. The most stirring news comes from Kimberley. Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener are personally directing operations. General French, with a mounted force of 3,000, made a wide sweep to the east through the Orange Free State, and entered Kimberley on Feb. 16th, which had been besieged for 121 days. Five Boer laagers and nearly 100 wagons of provisions, ammunition, and rifles, and 2,000 sheep, were captured. The Boers a-

FIELD MARSHAL.
LORD ROBERTS.

In Command of
British Forces
in South Africa.

bandoned their strong position at Magersfontein, and are in full retreat towards Bloemfontein, pursued by British. A convoy of 200 wagons, and tons of stores and several thousand sheep, which were intended for Kimberley, were captured by the Boers on their way crossing the Riet River. General Cronje, who commanded the Boer forces besieging Kimberley, seems to be at large in an unknown direction, probably to the north of Kimberley. General Roberts has made Jacobsdal his headquarters. This town is in the Orange Free State. General Roberts has issued a proclamation to the Free State Burgers, calling upon them to lay down their arms, and assuring them that private property will be respected, and paid for when requisitioned for the army. The Boer during a fight near Dordrecht, Riet River at noon Feb. 12th, was so great that four officers and 50 men had to return by wagon to camp. Lieutenant-General French has been promoted to the rank of Major-General in recognition of his brilliant strategy. It has been decided to encourage and assist the Zulus in repelling the invasion of their country by the Boers. Lord Roberts praises the excellent hospital arrangements at Jacobsdal. Commandant Pretorius, who was wounded at Elands Laagte and taken prisoner, has been returned to the Boers.

THE INDIAN FAMINE.

The famine in India is assuming enormous proportions. A letter from a missionary states, "Here at Valada, and within three miles of us, there are eight thousand persons on the edge of death. It was only two weeks ago that there were less than three thousand. The distress is rapidly growing extreme. There is large suffering from cold at night. The people are not only clothless, but almost naked. The wretchedness is terrible, but still worse is the emaciation. Living skeletons in abundance are in evidence on every side. The village clerk tells me that many children are dying in the camps too far gone to recover. Many men and women have also died here. The only reason given is the lack of food. This famine is undoubtedly far more severe in these parts than that of 1873 or 1896. One of the worst features is the lack of water. Rivers usually flowing full at this time are dry beds of sand. The well that watered our garden, and has never failed since my father came here, almost 45 years ago, is dry. Government officers tell me that the Indian Government looks with the greatest apprehension on the famine. It already feels unable to cope with it, so great are its dimensions and proportions at the very opening, and without any doubt for nine months more the famine must rage. Unbelievably private philanthropy must supply great help in this famine, far greater than in the first famine, if millions in these and other parts of India are to be saved from starvation."

CANADIAN ITEMS.

Four people were killed by a C.P.R. train at a crossing near Three Rivers, P. Q.—An outbreak of smallpox caused consternation at Toronto Junction.—Quebec also suffers from a smallpox epidemic.—Lieut.-Colonel Hutton, commanding the Canadian militia, has resigned.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The reported mutiny of black troops, in the Sudan, does not appear to have been of importance.—Egyptian financial accounts, for 1899, show a surplus of \$1,000,000.—Prince Henry of Russia has returned to Berlin from China.—Two elephants broke loose in the Crystal Palace, London, and killed two men, causing a panic.—The plague is gaining ground at Manila. 43 sensible cases have been discovered, resulting in 32 deaths.

THE COMMISSIONER

WILL VISIT

MONTREAL, CENTENARY CHURCH,
POINT ST. CHARLES,

On Friday, March 9th,

AND DELIVER HER FAMOUS ADDRESS,

"MISS BOOTH IN RAGS."

GREAT SALVATION MEETINGS

WINDSOR HALL, Sunday, March 11, Afternoon and Evening

"THE SCARLET THREAD."

MISS BOOTH will conduct Her New Scenic
Service in the following Cities:

Hamilton, Association Hall -	Friday, March 2.
St. Catharines, Opera House,	Saturday, " 3.
(Salvation Meetings on Sunday, March 4.)	
Montreal - - - - -	Monday, March 12.
Kingston - - - - -	Tuesday, " 13.
Peterboro - - - - -	Wednesday, " 14.

"The Scarlet Thread."

BY EVANGELINE BOOTH, FIELD COMMISSIONER.

LEGENDARY lore has handed down to us the touching fable of the maiden's maze. The story describes an immense labyrinth of bewildering paths, the interlacings of which were so intricate that their turnings and twistings presented an endless tangle. The maze had but one inlet, which served as entrance and exit for all whose feet were forced across its fatal threshold, and many were the human sacrifices made yearly of fair maidens, who, apart from being unable to find their way back through the locked mystery of passages, blind alleys and avenues, became the helpless prey of the monarch of the maze—a monster, half-beast and half-man.

Enthrallled by the apprehension of a hidden evil, a fair young hand thrust back the gate. The roses blooming upon the beckoning bushes seemed but the funeral garlands of the unknown tombs of those who had passed in before her. Overwhelmed by the conviction that her fate could be none the better, she hesitated, when her lover, springing to her side,

thrust within her hand a small ball of scarlet thread, and while pressing a burning kiss upon her faltering lips, whispered that the twine was fastened to the entrance, and, if retained by her would lay a scarlet line, by which she could trace her way back to safety. The girl carried it with her, unravelling it as she went, and in one of the darkest and most perplexing points of the maze, attached it to a rugged piece of rock, causing her fingers to bleed in making it secure. Then, having left the red line of deliverance for all other captives, she followed the scarlet thread out, and was saved.

Away, away, penetrating the gloom of earth's dark sky, there broke the light of angels' faces—disturbing the breathless silence of an Eastern night there came a rustling of angels' wings—cloaking the darkness of Bethlehem—hills there fell the sheen of angels' raiment, and clustering o'er mountain and valley, cliff and rock, forest and prairie, desert and garden, hut and palace there thrilled the exquisite harmonies of angels' song, heralding the dawn of a lost world's hope.

Jesus entered the maze—and was there ever such a maze presented to the gentle tread of any feet as that of this world its multitudinous paths of thorn and stone, and steep, crossing and re-crossing, its tangled forests of contradictory theories, its fountains of delusive sweets, its wastes of want, hunger and pain, its blind alleys of despair and woe, its weary climbs of suffering, its rapid declines leading to the grave?

With the light of vacated glory still lingering around Him, He passed beneath the shadows of our world's darkness, bringing from the hand of Omnipotence the "Scarlet Thread" of God's love, woven of Divine passion, in the beam of sacrifice, at the cost of heaven's loss, and God's agony. And, as the girl of the legend carried her thread through the perplexing paths of the maze, so Christ carried the cord of redeeming love through all the paths of life's bewildering ways in which men are lost—forever lost—and in which thousands of mortal and immortal sacrifices have been made.

He carried it through the lacerations of a whole world's bereavement when, for the widow of Nain, He wiped all her tears away. He fastened it in every orphan's home when He gave to Mary and Martha the tender protection of His eternal friendship; He dropped it in the passage of all the unloved and condemned when He threw wide the gates of redemption's flood right in the doorway of the wretched rent-collector, Zaccheus; He flung it over the heated pillow of every hospital couch, furnishing indescribable soothing, when with the chronic invalid at the pool of Bethesda; He threw it into the playgrounds of all childhood when He gathered the little sick cheeks to His bosom and stroked the pretty hair; He ran it down the melancholy corridors of every jail, and twisted it round the cold bars of every cell when He forgave the arrested thief on Calvary; He carried the crimson line through the blackest waters of a soul's pollution and threw it within reach of every anguished society when He allowed a sinner to wash His feet with her tears and dry them with the abundant tresses of her defenceless head; He stretched it across the waters of deepest human sorrow, where the spade which opens the earth seems to dig into every heart, unmaking everlasting holes there, when He stood where they had lain the remains of His friend Lazarus, and wept; He carried it down, down to the most perplexing point of the journey, where the

tangles of life's sins and mistakes gather thickest, where, of all Time's ways it is the narrowest, where the briars of conflicting questions are the sharpest, where the mists of uncertainty and doubt hang the lowest, where the seas of life in an unaccountably-returning tide surge up against the shores of eternity, and where the incline is so steep that when the pointsman, Death, shuts the soul, the body is forced ever so many feet into the ground—**THE GRAYE.** Oh, is there no lamp to brighten the path of this maze, no power to take the sting from the blow of this hand? Yes, here's Jesus, with the scarlet thread of conquering love. He passes through its black, gaping jaws, and, on Golgotha's hill, with blood on His hands, and spikes in His feet, and thorns on His temples, a spear in His side, and a world's sorrow on His heart, He fastens it upon the eternal Rock of Ages, sealing it with the drip, drip, drip of His own blood. The grave could not bind Him, the guards could not hold Him, the disciples could not keep Him, for He had destroyed the power of life's mightiest monster, and made a way out from its blackest abyss, leaving for the dying saint the triumph:

"O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?"

Oh, I wish I could tell you what an agonizing undertaking it was the fastening of the scarlet thread, all it cost, and all suffered, for your finding. Have you not seen it—can you

not see it now as a beacon light across the dark horizon of sin's starless night? It calls to you, this way to the Rock—this way, broken-hearted mothers, for hope; this way, little, lost children, who, with distorted consciences, do wrong for right—this way for the true light! This way, young hearts and heads which bend, and at last break 'neath the blows of others' wrongs; this way for all adjustment and perfect healing; this way, ye men and women, who, overtaken in Time with the condemnations and damnations of sin, find life too hard to live; this way for cleansing, pardon, deliverance—the way of "The Scarlet Thread."

To me one of the most fascinating characteristics of the religion of the Salvation Army is its generosity—there is such a measureless "whosoever will" about it, such limitlessness in its themes, such an abundance in its faith, such a wholesale world-wide-ness in its invitations, such a ringing across waste and over billow, sounding in tropical climates and arctic regions, in the houses of the rich and the hovels of the poor, a call to all men.

A little ragged boy, with bare feet and torn jacket, left his seat at the back of one of our halls, and approached the officer on the platform, who, on this beautiful Sunday morning, had just concluded his address based upon that gem in the Bible casket, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." His closing remarks had pointed out the exceptional blessings and privileges crowning God's children. The little lad, confronting the speaker, respectfully lifting his grubby finger to the brim of his crownless hat, said: "Say, guv'nor, I'd like to be one of them there chillun o' God's, if I ain't too small, and I think my poor mother would like to be one of them there chillun, too, if she ain't too big." None too small, none too big, none too poor, none too rich, none too wretched, and none too glad in this religion I recommend. To me, it is captivating. Salvation for all men, hope for all men, faith for all men, love for all men, restoration for all men, benedictions for all men, the open gates of heaven for all men—for "The Scarlet Thread" is for all.



MISS BOOTH IN HER NEW SCENIC SERVICE, "THE SCARLET THREAD."

THE bluish glow of the dying fire cast fantastic and gloomy shadows into the cozy room, and lighted in weird and changeable gleams upon the little lonely figure curled in the corner of the lounge. She had no heart to light the lamp—the light of her life was burning too low. She was alone—a six weeks' bride. Oh, that intangible something which pinches the spirit when one is deceived in all that the fond heart wished true, that funeral cloak which wraps its gloom around what was to be brightest and best, and one sees their stilled aspirations pull-beatens, carrying the remains of dead hopes. I think the best word we have for all this chilling and killing which comes in this in-

tangible something is "disappointment."

Jack Hurst was not where the lights burned low, he was where the lights blazed high for the detaching of souls into darkness and darkness, just where thousands of young men take their first step to ruin. The desolating glitter of wild society had already diminished the charms of his young wife's presence, and while she fidgeted in the third chamber of a Parisian hotel, he was ensnared in the dangerous fascinations of one of those bits of hell which one finds stuck down amidst all the glorious architecture, tower of church, splash of fountain, display of color, bloom of flower, and burst of music of the Champs

(Continued on page 12.)



IN THEIR STEPS

OR WHAT WOULD JESUS HAVE ME DO?

THE SECRET OF SPIRITUAL SUCCESS

BY ADJUTANT PHILLIPS JAMAICA

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

This tract remained on our church door for some weeks. Partly because, perhaps, it was so firmly gummed on, and partly because nobody considered it his or her special duty to take it off. But it was a proper eye-sore, and everybody seemed to look to see whether it was still there when they were entering the sanctuary of a Sabbath morning. The chapel-cleaner, who, by-the-by, was suspected, with a few others, of "believing in it," said it was none of her business to get warm water to wash it off—she did not get paid for that.

But things came to a climax one Sunday morning, when the minister's wife discovered, on her arrival, that someone had pasted one of our old Pete Chambers' hand-bills, a few inches below the tract, and had chalked above, in large irregular letters, that awful word *Lehabod*. They had also drawn an angel at the top, and another—a shaven one—at the bottom, and had put them shaking hands together.

"Goodness, gracious me!" said Mrs. Southpole, "did ever anybody hear of such an outrage! This cannot be allowed." And then she sent across the way for one of her servants to bring the necessary implements to have the door washed and scrubbed. This was being done while the people were arriving at church, and they were so interested, that some gathered round and looked on, and others whispered among themselves, as they took their seats in the sacred building.

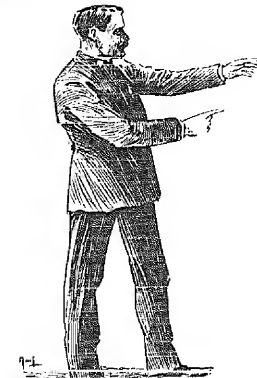
"I'm downright upset," said Mrs. S. as she went into the vestry and confronted her husband, who was just about leaving to begin the service, "and everybody else is upset and disgusted with the doings of these fanatics. You had better make the sermon as short as possible, for the people will be thinking more about this latest outrage than anything else."

So he adopted her suggestion, and the unrest among the congregation showed that her prediction was well-founded.

It sometimes takes a little thing to excite people, who say that others should not be excited even about great and eternal things.

CHAPTER III.

I have not yet mentioned the fact that upon a few Sunday afternoons—and week-nights, too—Bro. White, my-



CAPT. PUSHALL: "There, soldiers, is our Siege target; I don't believe there is one among you who will shrink from doing your share in this mighty effort to save the world."

self, and one or two others, had visited a village nearly three miles from the town, and had had some successful soul-saving meetings there. A publican, who at first opposed us, was among those converted; had shot up his drinking-establishment, and had played a good-sized room at our disposal. It was a warm work, and only needed to be followed up, in the right way, of course, to become a promising mission.

For this reason, one or other of us, and sometimes more, were often absent from our regular church services. And our irregularity was more noticed and commented upon than the irregularity of those who stopped at home to sleep, or went about pleasure, or visiting friends.

As Bro. White remarked to me one day, "Den is puttin' a rod inna soke fe we, Mass' Wilham, as sure as my-

lage mission, and would afterwards return to them."

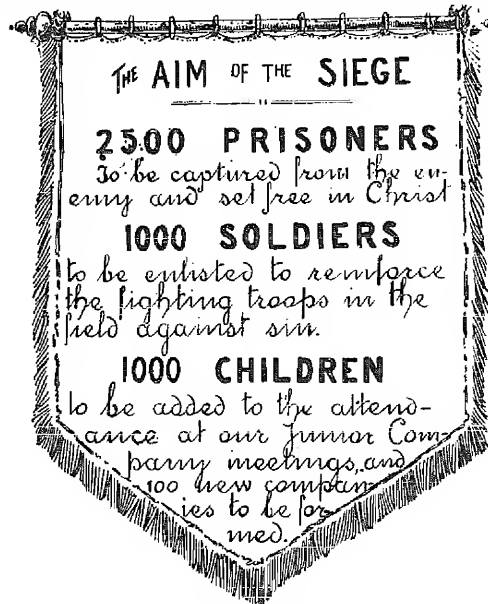
"No, Mass' Wilham," replied my faithful comrade, "you do what you should do, so den can't hit you."

But I remember that there was one thing that kept me from leaving the church of my childhood and choice, and working at the mission altogether. My sister, and some others, often reminded me of that one thing. It was this: There was nobody in connection with the mission that could administer the sacrament to myself and comrades.

Although sanctified, mark you, I still considered the ancient command, "Do this in remembrance," etc., as demanding a literal fulfilment on my part. Nor did it strike me that those who always remember, have no need of a reminder. I have no wish to condemn those who think as I once thought, and see as I once saw. I am relating my own experience. What is one man's food is another man's poison, but if any man will do this will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God.

I shall now attempt to describe the circumstances under which I took my last sacrament. And this may throw some light to those who care to see it—on my present position as a Salvationist.

I had gone to church, having sent



name is Theophilus Ebenezer White?" And so, to make a long story short, the minister complained to me about it, and I suggested that he should take over the little village mission work, and superintend it himself. I would help him, so would White. But this, he said, he could not promise to do. His wife, who was present in the vestry at the time, said we were never authorized to commence it, and had better stop it altogether, for no good ever came of such irregular and spasmodic efforts.

But it hurt me to hear her speak like this of what the Lord had so richly blessed already. If God was pleased, why should she be displeased? "You know, my brother," she continued, smiling the meanwhile, "sometimes you will be doing a work that you think is God's, and it will be the devil's."

"Yes," I thought to myself, "this is quite possible," but I did not give expression to my thoughts. However, as a matter of fact, whether wisely or unwisely, I afterwards put my offer in writing, and in writing received a refusal on the part of the minister and the church to adopt my spiritual offspring.

"Bro. White," said I to him one day, "He came to His own, and His own received Him not. It does not seem as if our own care very much about receiving us, when we come to this vil-

lage mission, and would afterwards return to them."

But the first sentence of his carefully-prepared manuscript sermon answered me.

"Another attempt has been made," he said, "to disturb the religious equilibrium of this church, and to establish a spirit of fanaticism among us."

And he went on in this strain, much to my sorrow, but to the evident satisfaction of some of the biggest and most fashionable snobs and slanders in the congregation. They slightly nodded and smiled to each other, even before he was done, and then there was a general congratulation all round. Several remained behind to shake hands with the hero of the hour, and—shall I record it? Yes, I will—none were less satisfied than himself.

"What a beautiful sermon," said Mrs. Proud-lock.

"It was heavenly," said Miss Little.

"That is what I call sound doctrine," Mrs. Worldly-wiseman remarked.

There was a short interval, so as to allow the non-communionists to leave, and the servant girls who had to hurry home to get the dinners ready for those who remained. Then the ordinance of the Lord's supper followed.

I confess that I did not have very much faith for it to-day. Perhaps it was my fault that I could not realize God's presence. If it is my satisfaction for anybody to say this they are heartily welcome. However, I not through it, and felt somewhat relieved when it was all over; and I am not speaking in phrase or disguise anybody, but am simply relating facts.

(To be continued.)

[THE LAMP OF HIS LAW.]

Sin Discovered.

Joshua vii. 1-26.

The defeat at Ai must have been a sore disappointment and strange mystery to Joshua. Up to this battle the blessing of God had attended Israel's campaigns with extraordinary success. From the time of Moses in Egypt, when the waters of the Red Sea had swept back to make them a way of escape from their enemies, to Joshua's own command and the miraculous crossing over Jordan to the Promised Land, God's presence and prosperity had been with the people. Then, and there not almost guaranteed the overthrow of the Canaanitish foes? Yet with all this the people had suffered sore and ignominious defeat. Poor Joshua! God did not leave His servant in doubt as to the cause. His loving kindness would not permit that the blameless leader should feel the fault his own.

Sin was the secret of the failure—not the sin of fifty or even of five, but the sin of one. It does not take a large extent of heinous crime to affect the welfare of a whole community. One man's hidden treachery has all too wide an influence for woe and woe. God could not bestow blessing where there had been disobedience and deceit. Israel suffered since Achan had sinned.

Achan's sin was one of direct disobedience to the command of God. A complete destruction was the Divine direction, and his transgression had deliberately ignored this.

Then Achan's iniquity was one of greed. He had no need for the goodly spoil which he had taken, for the treasure God had promised ample provision for his needs, as for those of all the children of Israel, yet he coveted more and stooped to theft to secure it.

But what made the sin so much the greater was the deceit with which Achan sought to cover the wrong.

A lie is a heavy weight to add to the burden of a sin against God.

The severity of the penalty which was executed was at once a declaration of God's hatred of the sin, and a warning to those who had witnessed it.

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CAPT. SOUR: "Hm! Siege again! What ever can I do in this dead-end place to get a move on? I have only a handful of soldiers to rely on. A voice: 'Use what you have.'"



Corps Correspondents'

Giving a thoughtful pile of papers of all sorts inscribed by hand from undelivered copy-styles for which the week's corps reports the Editorial Office, we are obliged to declare their value.

In this case we are being painfully personified to single out our delinquents—there are none.

It is not sufficient to getting saved. It is "Our efforts are being not enough to say, 'I'm rolling alone,' or 'I'm driven back.' It is use some detail in describing—at least, what is in the reader, who was idea of what actually is. For those who know lie on these lines, we are as a good motto, one put at in these notes, 'No thing to the imagination wrong.' If you do he will be wrong."

Will They Increase?

BEAR RIVER.—Ninety have found peace here, and Ex-Capt. Calkin, time officers, with much blessing derived. Everything moves on. Crys all sold out Saturday for Sunday. We have House filled in every interested people. Finishing Morale.

BUTTE, Mont.—Wednesday. Crowds and good. Sunday, beautiful morning, spirit and power of God for souls, and fought the very last. Three cried for mercy.—Cor.

An S. A. Survey of

CALGARY.—We have with a visit from our Southland. On Saturday, missioned Local Officers we had a good day, meeting the Major to meet. "Qualifications for come forward for promotion. On Tuesday night, we as a few facts of which accomplishing in its duty around the wide world, past week we can report the Dominion.—Chas. S. M.

DEVIL'S LAKE, N. two precious souls were the grasp of Satan, and saved. Ensign in service, proved a time profit.—Herringshaw

DRESDEN.—Ensign Friday, Saturday, and magic lantern service was the best financial former visit of the G. this place; over \$10. We were glad to have with his music, song.—Ensign A. D. Storr.

The Bishop and St

GLACE BAY.—We have pleasure of a week-end Provincial Officer and Major Peistering and Staff. On Saturday night, 100 soldiers under the flag Sunday afternoon. Price of Capt. and Major was dedicated to God. It requires a man like to do a job of this kind meeting which followed easy was a never-to-be if Major is good at a vice, what shall we soldiers' meeting? The unentered out for the meeting at night was time. The power of the hand-fought prayer young women are in the penitent form. I

Corps Correspondents' Confidential Chat

Jim: "Hm! Siege again! Can I do in this dead-end? I get a move on? I have no soldiers to rely on." See what you have."

"The Scarlet Thread."

(Continued from page 2.)

Elysees—a Parisian cafe, or, as when I was in France I called such a damn-trap. The glitter of feverish excitement in his eye answered the sparkle in his re-filled wine-cup.

In the strong heart that lay behind the strong face there lingered restless memories of a praying childhood, and late altar-vows, as well as sincere respect for all that was good and noble, but such disquieting reminders were drowned in the evil influences which drew their gauze-like fascinations around him, entangling his feet in his first step to ruin. That first step—how easily and quickly taken, how bitter and hard to retrace! The descent is a gradual incline, giving no warning of the rapids of destruction ahead. The blaze of light is luminous, hiding the on-creeping shadow. The laughter is gay, drowning the discordant and wailing echo. It seems as though the most tawdry and fleeting of earth's toys outweigh the realities of righteousness and heaven.

*"Angels cry from the sky,
We who are not pray, are in a daze."*

floats through the cafe as a song escaping from some left-open gate of Paradise.

"Who are they?" was asked. "What a place for good, pure women to visit," thought Jack, and said aloud. "Why, my wife's religion won't let her come here."

"Your wife?" repeated the pretty face of the lost soul facing him. "You don't mean to say you have a wife?" and then a burst of laughter, with a horror in it, one would only expect to hear when pends gloat over the damned.

With a look of great discomfiture, and somewhat irritated, Horace demanded, "Well, who are they, anyway?"

The question was overheard by one of the singers. She turned with that light of countenance which spotless purity of soul alone can lend to the face, and said:

"Representatives of the Cross of Christ, heralding salvation for all men, and warning them of the judgment to come."

"And what is judgment to come?" asked Bob dippantly.

"It is the harvest of what a man sows. It is the revelation of all that is real, and the vanishing of all that is false. It is the triumph of truth over lie, the conquest of love over hate. It is the balance in which your soul must be cast, and in which all the deeds of your life will be weighed."

Good-naturedly, but sweetly, Jim said, "Well, don't bring your judgment here. I've not settled the question as to whether there is one yet."

"Your doubt has not power to mock the existence of the fact; neither will your delay persuade the swift feet of retribution to tarry. Every day is ushering you on to this great hour. At this very moment your deeds are hurrying a crown of glory for your brow, or forging bolts for your imprisonment. Your ways, and words, and thoughts are composing the chorus for your entrance into glory, or giving the key-note for the deaf march of eternal woe to which you will tramp down to perdition. Now you may struggle, and drink, and dance, and philosophize to throw out God and trample on goodness, but in judgment, God, answering the cry for revenge of all this wickedness, will throw you out. Now the subtle ties of worldly society bind you, its evil influences buoy up your spirit to fight against Him Who made you, and hush the conscience which falls would call to you from the days of higher hopes and purer things; but in judgment you will stand a naked soul—your wealth all gone, your friends all gone, your chances—priceless and choice, which may have come to you from a mother's

prayers, all gone—nothing remains but the naked soul and its commendation of righteousness, or its condemnation of guilt, when God, before earth and heaven, men and devils, while the earth groans in earthquake, and all time is lost in the burst of eternity, declares the reward of the virtuous and the damnation of the wicked. This is judgment—how will YOU meet it?"

II.

"MY GAME?" For the third time that evening the confident voice rang out these words, and an eager hand scooped the cotas strewn upon the gaming table into his palm, and pocketed them.

Jack, the discomfited opponent, felt uneasily in his own pockets—they were empty.

"I've had enough of this," he said: "time I was going. You've got all you can out of me to-night; like my usual bad luck, and your cursed good fortune."

"Not at all—nor at all," spoke the blunt card-sharper: "I'll be your luck next, old fellow, and I'll have to fork out the change. Fill up your glass, mate, and shuffle the cards again."

The obstacle of Jim's empty pockets was soon overcome by the recollection of the small banking account in his wife's name, which represented her girlhood's savings. She would never see him in a fix, and although the tiny fortune had often been referred to as a future provision, in case of any emergency, for the children, she would sacrifice anything to save him open disgrace. All the same he played, reckoning on winning back what he had lost, not trading upon the love and generosity of her whose gentle pleading tones persuading him against these places have never really been silenced, and now they run as lava in his soul—he almost wishes he was dead, for he feels already he is nearly damned. But the fascination of the place and committals of the past hold him as in a vice—if he had broken loose a couple of years back it would have been easier—now his enemies have him a trench round and about him and there is no way out. There are the sins of day, making promise of further and deeper sins of night—how can one escape keeping these promises? There are the wrongs which must be committed to pay the debt of lesser wrongs—these "debtors" must be met, no matter what the cost. There are the lies that must be told to cover the open disgrace of other deceptions—these hideous ingenuities must be hid, though all truth is distorted to hide them. Sin is like the waves of the sea, one ever rushes on another, until the soul, carried on the black tide, is thrown against the Rock of Perdition, a stranded, hopeless wreck.

The plaintive tremor of a child's voice broke in upon the gloomy musings which had been passing through Jack's brain while he threw down the cards. A sad-eyed, ill-clad girl of sixteen had laid her hand upon his companion's sleeve.

"Father," she was saying, "come home with me come; don't do any more of this dreadful gambling to-night; come, father."

But, with an oath, the man shook off the beseeching fingers and pushing the girl, none too gentle, out of the room, banged the door.

"That's what comes of your children getting mixed up with these blighting army fellows. Here's my girl's ears so tickled with the prancing of the Captain that she thinks she can spring the same game on me, but she's mistaken; I'm one too many for her and her Salvation friends—damned lot they are, all of them."

"I'm not so sure of that," said Jack: "I met one of them once who was as a flash of light from another world. If I'd listened to her I should not have been here, and my wife would be a happier woman. All but that's a story of my honeymoon days on the continent; there's no use in telling it now. It's a long way back; too late to remedy it—here's to forgetting it, and lifting his glass to his lips he set it down, and upon the gambling table with a crash that smothered the fragile thing.

"There, that's how our brightest hopes, fairest intentions, and strongest promises can, by our own hands, be shattered," and with an unquiet laugh he flung out of the room, almost stumbling over the slender figure, lingered on the door-step.

(To be continued.)

THE W. O. P. CHANCELLOR REPLIES

Staff-Captain Phillips' Answer to the Siege Call.

The Field Commissioner's stirring call to the front, in the Siege of 1909, should appeal to the truest instincts of every loyal Salvationist's heart, whose business it is, like their Master's, to seek and to save the lost. The West Ontario troops will be found in the vanguard in the coming conflict.—George L. Phillips, Chancellor.

WOMEN'S SOCIAL INSTITUTIONS HAVE NEW NAMES.

By MRS. READ, Women's Social Secretary.

In the future the sixteen institutions of the Women's Social Department of the Territory will be known by pretty appellations peculiarly suited to the local environments of each one. The Field Commissioner has decided upon the following names:

The New Home for Children in Toronto will be designated the "Evergreen Home," in honor of the Commissioner, during whose command it was opened.

Vancouver's New Home will be known by the suggestive title of "Mercury Hall." We trust it may be the door of mercy and hope to hundreds of poor wandering ones.

The names and addresses of the already-established Homes will be:

St. John Maternity Hospital, "Grace Hospital," 74 King St. E.

St. John Rescue Home, "The Home-stead," 65 Elliott Row.

Ottawa Rescue Home, "Redemption Home," 766 Wellington St.

London Rescue Home, "Fort Hope," Riverside Ave.

Hamilton Rescue Home, "Hope Hall," 905 Main St.

Halifax Rescue Home, "The Bridge," 49 Hollis St.

St. Johns, Nfld., Rescue Home, "The Aueboruz," 26 Cook St.

Winnipeg Rescue Home, "Fort Rescue," 480 Yonge St.

Montreal Rescue Home, "Liberty Hall," 243 St. Antoine St.

Montreal Women's Shelter, "Reulah Home," 11 St. Monique St.

Spokane Rescue Home, "Liberty Home," 733 Fourth St.

Butte Rescue Home, "Montana State Home," 726 South Main St.

Toronto Industrial Rescue Home, 914 Yonge St.

Toronto Working Women's Home, 71 Agnes St.

FROM THE FRONT.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS FROM VARIOUS COMRADES IN ACTIVE SERVICE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

From "All that Remains."

Modder River.

December 13th, 1899.

It is with a sorrowful heart I write you these few lines, to let you know how we are getting on—I mean all that remains of us, for poor Bob Drysdale and MacLean are killed. Armit is missing. Kinghorn and I are well—that is all that remains of our Leaguers in the Black Watch. Bob passed away singing hymns to the last. Every man in the regiment is talking about him. One man went to give him a drink, but he refused, saying:

"Give it to another lad; I have got the Water of Life." Then he passed away, singing praises to God.

Drysdale's death was sudden, and very quiet. The man that lay next to him never knew, until he looked up and saw he was dead. Kinghorn and I are thankful to God for all He has done for us. That is all the Leaguers

that I know at present. Henderson, H. L. I., had a slight sunstroke.—S. Scott.

Led into a Trap

I have been in hospital with a slight sunstroke, got through being about twelve hours in the fighting line at the big battle of Magersfontein. The very thought of what I saw and what I have come through has almost unbowed me. But, praise the dear Lord! He has been more than I need. Oh, to think that so many have passed into eternity unprepared! God help us to show by our lives, and even by our deaths, that the Christianity of Christ has something in it that is lasting.

We were led into a trap by some blunder or other. We were surprised for the enemy, and the result at the beginning of the fight was lost terribly! Our brigade had over a thousand casualties; among them we have lost four Leaguers of the Black Watch. They are Wilson, MacLean, Drysdale, and Armit. Praise God! they have gone to be with Jesus, which is far better. McDuff is all right, and I am getting on fine.—Pte. Henderson.

Good Meetings and Hard Soldering.

I am enjoying good health so far, and praise God, I realize that my sins which were many have been washed away in His precious Blood. The first time I went to the Army here I was asked to say a few words, and although we had meetings at that time, I don't think I saw so many soldiers at a meeting as were there. I should think there were nearly a hundred.

We have been over the hills, and we are all tired and find it hard work different to the soldering in England; but, praise the Lord, He is always with us, putting His loving arms around us, and to cheer us up with those loving words, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Sergeant Williams and Pte. Byrdell.

From the Western Force.

I am writing this letter to you while out at South Africa on active service. No doubt, my comrades, you will be glad to hear how we, as Leaguers of the Salvation Army, are going on in the western force of the fighting line. We are having good meetings here, and God is blessing us very much, and not only blessing us, but He is saving some of our comrades. I pray that this may continue. I am also very glad to tell you that I am having very good times in my regiment, where I am the only Salvationist; but God is with me to help me, and I can testify to the saving and keeping power of God day by day on the battlefield when the bullets are showering down like hailstones.

I shall never forget the day when we were in the fight. The sights that we saw! When I see the dead and wounded being carried to the rear of the fighting-line, and going unprepared to meet their God, I pray God to make me useful in His service, and help me to win them for Him. Reader, are you ready? If the death-angel should call, would he find you with your garments made white in the Blood of the Lamb? If not, I pray that you seek God while He may be found!—Pte. F. Imms, 12th Lanciers.

Making Things Sunshiny.

Have you ever had your day suddenly turn sunshiny because of a cheerful word? Have you ever wondered if this could be the same world, because someone had been unexpectedly kind to you? Do you remember, as a child, how excited you were because someone gave you a little present, and how you always had a feeling of admiration and affection—selfish, perhaps, but real—for that generous friend? You can do the same to-day for someone else. It is only a question of a little thought, a little time, and trouble. Think, before you finish this paragraph, "What can I do to-day to make someone happy?" Think now! Old persons, children, servants—even a dog, for he likes dog or sugar for the bird? Why not?

"She doeth little kindnesses, Which must live on in me, or die, For aught that sets one heart at ease, Or greiveth happiness or peace, Is low esteemed in her eyes."



More changes, TH N.W. P. Ensign Per be responsible for the for the G. B. M. The Ottawa's hands free Bro. Perry will need moving to keep up record.

Ensign Parker, of sends some cheering "The G. B. M. gett new new boxes and new Agents. I think edly on the advance

The Lighthouse, No a district in the city just had their first lo sent them; they will good thing. Of course get over their target will receive for their

Ensign Stingers say for a good increase in the Pacific this quarter, ing through Nelson's large boxes; when ret large, the boxes conta over a dollar each. Nelson, at that rate, surely break the record

Ensign Hoddinott, of is also full of faith for Territory this quarter. In some good returns. that one of his Agents of Glenwood, has plac school room. Why no every school room in H

Ensign Burrows has at Midland and reports tion and one for a cle meeting there. He has der, for sixty large and dred small boxes, so hopes to get somewhere

Everybody get goh your night, and let collected quarter, the be had." T. H. C.

The Traveling G.B.M.

TO WIT: ENSIGN B

HAMMINGTON.—We In Agent in this corps, o lected in the box mo mounted to \$120. Bet expected for the future OLANEYVILLE—Ca and me at the station and soon impressed m quite hopeful for a goo service at night, but weather influenced runn Miss Huskinson, the A tainly bring O. to a bett next quarter.

LADY BANK is one the Faversham Circle, w our feels at once that Army soldiers are all Kingdom of God. Cap successful in getting a the special meeting, al which two souls soug of hulkiness. Mrs. Pool, Agent of this place had position owing to min that demanded her atten ter F. Crawford was ap pected. Sister Robson, collected \$151, which m \$2.78 for the Circle. T believing for \$5 for the let all the Agents say CHESLEY.—I conduct lings in C, where we tel God present, such A not very large. The C with me, that there is ticket system. Miss Can B. M. Agent, is doing boxes. \$1 was the at same. She reports a f holders, and is full of next quarter.

OWEN SOUND.—1 s and Sunday in Owa chments were good, spiriti thirties splendid, one lu

present. Heed on—
slight sunstroke—8.

to a Trap

hospital with a slight
through being about
the fighting line at the
gerstenfeld. The very
I saw and what I
gh has almost immor-
alise the dear Lord!
are than I could. Oh,
o many have passed
prepared! God help
r lives, and even by
the Christianity of
thing in it that is last-

into a trap by some
r. We were impre-
sion, and the result at
the light was we had
brigade had over a
dies, among them we
easurers of the Black
are Wilson, MacLean,
Armit. Praise God!
e to be with Jesus,
utter. McGurk is all
getting on fine—Pie.

and Hard Soldiering.

g good health so far.
I realize that my dis-
ny have been washed
previous blood. The
it to the Army here I
ay a few words, and
at meetings at sea. I
w so many soldiers at
were there. I should
e nearly a hundred.

n over the hills, and
and find it hard work
soldiering in England.
Lord, He is always
g His loving arms
to cheer us up with
ords. "Come into Me,
and are heavy laden,
you rest."—Sergeant Wil-
Byfield.

Western Force.

this letter to you while
frien on active service,
comrades, you will be
w we, as Leaguers of
Army, are going on in
e of the fighting line.
e good comrades here
sing as very much, and
g us, but He is saving
comrades. I pray that
lure. I am also very
that I am having very
my regiment, which I
vationalist; but God is
p me, and I can testify
and keeping power of
day on the battlefield
is showering down

forget the day when we
lit. The sights that we
I see the dead and
e carried to the rear of
e, and going unprepared
and, I pray God to make
His service, and help me
for Him. Reader, are
f the death-angel should
e find you with your
le white in the blood
If not, I pray that you
le He may be found!—
is, 12th Lancers.

Things Sunshiny.

er had your day sudden-
ly because of a cheer
you ever wondered if
at the same time, because
been unexpectedly kind
you remember as a
cted you were because
you a little present, and
ys had a feeling of ad-
miration—selfish, per-
haps, but that's what we
can do the same today.
It is only a question of
ur, a little time and
ik, before you finish this
Vin can I do to-day to
a happy? Think now of
children, servants—even
e dog or sugar for the
tite?

the kindnesses,
eave undone or despic-
e, sets one heart at ease,
piness or peace,
ed in her eyes."

THE WAR CRY.

13



More changes. This time in the
N.W. P. Ensign Perry will, in future,
be responsible for the whole Province
for the G. B. M. This leaves Ensign
Ottawa's hands free for special work.
Ensign Perry will need to keep everyone
moving to keep up to last quarter's
record.

Ensign Parker, of East Ontario,
sends some cheering news. He says,
"The G. B. M. promises fine this
quarter. I am getting out a good
many new boxes and securing a few
new Agents. I think things are de-
cidedly on the advance."

The Lighthouse, Montreal, is taking
a district in the city now, and have
just had their first lot of large boxes
sent them; they will doubtless do a
good thing. Of course, the more they
get over their target the more they
will receive for their benefit.

Ensign Stingers says we may look
for a good increase in box money for
the Pacific this quarter. When pass-
ing through Nelson he saw out six
large boxes, when returning, ten days
later, the boxes contained \$7, that is
over a dollar each. Go right on,
Nelson, at that rate, and you will
surely break the record.

Ensign Holdmott, of the W. O. P.,
is also full of faith for the work in his
Territory this quarter, and is sending
in some good returns. He informs us
that one of his Agents, Mrs. Newham,
of Glenwood, has placed a box in the
school room. Why not have one in
every school room in the country?

Ensign Burrows has had a good time
at Midland and reports two for salu-
tion and one for a clean heart in his
meeting there. He has just sent an or-
der for sixty large and about one hun-
dred small boxes, so he evidently
hopes to get somewhere this quarter.
Everybody keep going on with all
your might, and let us make this
present quarter the best we have ever
had.—T. H. C.

The Travelings of a G. B. M. Man.

TO WIT: ENSIGN BURROWS.

BRAMPTON.—We have no G. B. M.
Agent in this corps, so the officers col-
lected in the box money, which a-
mounted to \$120. Better things are
expected for the future.

QUANBEVILLE.—Capt. McDonald
and me at the station in Orangeville,
and soon impressed upon me the need
of a good crowd for the service at night, but the very cold
weather influenced many to stay home.
Miss Hunkinson, the Agent, will cer-
tainly bring it, to a better position this
next quarter.

LADY BANK is one of the corps in
the Faversham Circle, where the visit-
or feels at once that the Salvation
Army soldiers are all alive for the
Kingdom of God. Capt. Capper was
successful in getting a good crowd for
the special meeting, at the close of
which two souls sought the blessing
of holiness. Mrs. Pool, our G. B. M.
Agent of this place had to resign her
position owing to many other duties
that demanded her attention, and Sis-
ter P. Crawford was appointed in her
stead. Sister Robson, of Faversham,
collected \$131, which makes a total of
\$278 for the Circle. The T. P. S. is
believing for \$5 for the next quarter.
Let all the Agents say "Amen!"

CHESLEY.—I conducted two meet-
ings at C. S., where we felt the Spirit of
God present, though the crowd was
not very large. The Captain agrees
with me, that there is nothing like the
ticket system. Miss Campbell, the G.
B. M. Agent, is doing well with her
boxes. \$1 was the amount in the
same. She reports a few new box-
holders, and is full of faith for the
next quarter.

OWEN SOUND.—I spent Saturday
and Sunday in Owen Sound. The
crowds were good, spiritual life high,
happiness splendid, our labors crowned

with five souls for pardon. Praise
God! Bro. Glover, the C. O. P.
G. B. M. Champion, has returned from
the U. S. A., and is taking up his work
again with a will. God bless him. I
wonder how long Bro. Glover will be
able to hold his position. Lindsay and
Orilla are looking well this quarter.

MEAFORD.—Good crowd at lantern
service. Over sixty tickets sold be-
fore the night for same. In the two
meetings five souls sought for holiness.
To God be all the glory! Miss
E. Tomlinson, an Auxiliary of the S.
A., is the G. B. M. Agent, and is doing
well with her boxes. Her returns are
not in yet for this quarter, but, by all
accounts, she will go ahead of the last
collection.

ROCKLYN is a country district a-
bout 14 miles from Meaford, where I
conducted a single lantern service in
the Presbyterian Church of that local-
ity, assisted by Capt. Bowers and
Lieut. Stickels, of Meaford. The min-
ister and his wife, the Rev. Mr. and
Mrs. McLane, kindly provided for our
temporal needs, also took an active
part in the service. Every kindness
was manifested and a pressing invita-
tion given for us to return to the dis-
trict for special meetings at an early
date, while the congregation voted the
entire income for the night in the S. A.
ward. May God bless Rev. Mr. and
Mrs. McLane and their family, also
their warm-hearted members. The
G. B. M. work on this way is quite
new, and is in charge of Master
Ward, a brother of Ault Ward. He
is much interested in his work, and
no doubt will have much success.

COLLINGWOOD.—Captain Cornish
was all alone, but in the best of spir-
its. The cold weather seemed to over-
power and drive out much of the
warmth that came from the store in
the barracks, and, as a result, prevent-
ed a number of people from attending
the Saturday services; but not so
on Sunday, for the building was quite
warm. Two souls, thank God, claimed
the blessing of full salvation. We
gave all glory to God, and take the
early train for Toronto.—W. H. Bur-
rows, T. P. S.

BRITISH LOSSES.

From authentic statistics issued by
the War Office, it appears that the
total number of British soldiers killed
in battle to date, cannot be more than
1,200. This is a small number for
two months of fighting over so wide
an area. In the single battle of
Waterloo the French had over 50,000
killed and wounded, and the allies
about 23,000. At the battle of Sedan
the Pershing lost in dead, wounded,
and missing 330 officers and 8,794
men, while the Austrians lost 1,147
and 30,246 respectively. The British
wounded and missing in the South
African war so far cannot be more
than 4,000 and 5,000 respectively.—
The Westminster.

In English-speaking lands 100,000
drunkards go to an untimely and dis-
honoured grave every year. Yet it
creates little excitement, so accom-
panied are we to this dreadful tragedy
—which has cost during the century
millions of souls to a shameful doom.
If the liberty of South Africa, and the
welfare of both the white and black
peoples for all time can be secured, even
by the costly sacrifice of so many
precious lives—who shall say that it is
not worth the cost? By a like sacrifice
have the civil and religious liberties
we enjoy to-day been won.

COTTAGE PRAYER MEET- INGS.

How to start a cottage prayer meet-
ing? The way we used to do in
Chicago was this: We would go
round from house to house until we
found a woman who was willing to
have a meeting in her house—it might
be an unconverted woman. It takes
a good deal of moral courage for any
woman to have a meeting in her house,
where all the people in the street know
her, but if you get her consent, ask
the neighbors to come in—a great
many people who won't go to a church
will go to a cottage prayer meeting.
Some of the best hours I have spent in
my life were in the cottage prayer
meetings. If I have had any success,
that is where I learned to preach.
Get twenty or thirty mothers together

with their children and babies in arms.
Read a portion of Scripture. Get the
children to sing; it will always in-
terest a mother to hear her child sing,
even if it doesn't sing as well as Mr.
Sankey. Talk comforting words to
the mothers. I tell you what, I'd
rather, a thousand times, talk to these
mothers than to hospital-hardened sin-
ners. When a young mother is just
beginning to feel her responsibility, it
isn't very difficult to reach her heart.—
D. L. Moody.

How Sergeant Pike Became a Salvationist.

Some years ago the subject of my
sketch was living in a small village
in Maine, and was a member of a
certain organization, striving, as far as
she then had light, to please God.

About this time a daughter of her's,
in the United States, knowing her
mother's love for good literature,
started to send her regularly a copy of
the War Cry, which was used as a
means, in the Lord's hands, of leading
her into the experience of entire salu-
tation. After receiving the blessing
she continually testified to it, and, as
a result, received much opposition from
the members of the church, who
scorned the idea of a person being
sanctified, and told her plainly they
didn't want her testimony on that
line.



SERGEANT PIKE

Nothing daunted, she told them she
had received the blessing and meant to
give God the glory by confessing it,
and if they would not receive her
testimony she would serve them—
a trick the devil never served them—
she would leave them, and go some-
where where they would receive it.

She then began to ask the Lord to
open up the way for her to get to
where the Salvation Army was, if He
wanted her there. Not long after the
Lord answered her prayer, though it
was not considered a sacrifice. She
threw in her lot with the people she
thought were God's people, and whose
God was her God, donned the uniform
and became an out-and-out Salvation-
ist. After a number of years, which
have borne on their wings joys and sor-
rows, storms and sunshine, she is
still found at her post of duty. Though
well advanced in years, it is a rare
occurrence for her to miss a meeting,
and is always in full uniform. With-
in the last few months she has become
a War Cry bouncer.

The writer, whom War Cry readers
will remember as Corps Correspond-
ent for Hamilton corps, received a let-
ter a few days ago from Sergeant Pike,
an extract of which I here quote: "I
am well and all right in my soul. I
can do many things I could not a few
months ago, many thanks to Capt. W.
Thompson, for he helped me to be
brave and to work for the Lord and
not be afraid. Ensign Andrews has
appointed me G. B. M. Agent for
Hamilton. Already I have received
pleasures for four new ones, and am go-
ing to take some more soon."
Any this simple story prove a stimu-
lus to those who are not putting forth
as much practical effort as they ought
to.—Bridly White.

A great many Christians are dead
wires because some one small part of
the life is switched off from God.



From Oshawa to a Mansion in the Sky

We have lost another of our dear
comrades of the Oshawa corps, Bro.
W. Davis, aged seventy-nine years.

He had been in poor health for some
time, and although his death was not
unexpected, yet the end came sudden-
ly. He had been a great sinner in his
life, but, thank God, he found a
wonderful Saviour.

On Friday, Feb. 9th, quite a number
of his soldier-comrades and a large
number of friends gathered at his
home for the funeral service, which
was conducted by Capt. McCann. A
few words of testimony were given by
Bros. Ekeley and Pollard. "Shall we
gather at the river?" was sung very
touchingly by Lieut. Pattenden. A
few verses from God's word, and some
suitable remarks about our comrade's
life and death by the Captain, and
then we proceeded to the Union
Cemetery, where, owing to the cold-
ness of the day, we only had time to
sing one song and hear the solemn
burial service read.

Sunday evening the Captain led a
memorial service, when the barracks
was well liked, and we trust that all
were made to feel once more the un-
certainty of life and the surety of
death.

We pray that God will sustain the
aged wife who is left, also the child-
ren.—J. M. M.

An Army Friend Called Home.

Mrs. Dr. Ediet was called home a
few days ago, after a long and trying
illness, which she bore with Christian
patience and fortitude. For years
Mrs. Ediet's hospitable home was
open to Salvation Army officers, who
were always sure of a hearty welcome.
Mrs. Ediet died in Bowmanville. A
few days previous to her decease she
expressed a great desire to see Lieut.
Colonel Mrs. Read, and Mrs. Read
accordingly went down to Bowman-
ville to see the sufferer. She was
very low, but expressed her empha-
tic testimony as to her hopes for
future joy. She had no fear. Dr.
Ediet was with her when she crossed
the river. He and his bereaved child-
ren have the sympathy of all who
know him in his great loss.

A Faithful Soldier Promoted.

OWEN SOUND.—Our brother, John
Baker has been promoted from his
place in the Owen Sound ranks to
glory. He has been ill for nearly a
year, but we always found him with
a smile, and his testimony was, he was
"only waiting for the Master." The
testimony of his comrades is, "He
was never known to waver." His life
was an example to all. He has gone
to his reward.—J. H.

MAJOR TURNER

Will Visit and Conduct Special Meet-
ings at the following places:—

Yorkville, Friday, Feb. 23, to Sunday,
March 4.

Owen Sound, Sat. and Sun., March 10,
11.

Chesley, Mon. and Tues., March 12, 13.

Faversham, Wed., Thurs. and Fri.,
March 14, 15, 16.

Orangeville, Sat. and Sun., March 17,
18.

Bowmanville, Sat., Sun. and Mon.,
March 24, 25, 26.

Oshawa, Tuesday, March 27.

Brooklin, Wednesday, March 28.

Hamilton II., Friday, April 6.

Hamilton I., Sat., Sun. and Mon., April
7, 8, 9.

Barrie, Friday to Monday, April 13 to
16.

Orillia, Thursday, April 17.

MUSTLERS RENDEZVOUS

Howell Holds H's Own!—Brigadier Pugmire's Heroic Utterance
—The East Carries Off the Laurels Again—A
Lonely B. C. Hero.

By ERNEST ENTERPRISE.

THE ONTARIO COMPETITION	
West Ontario Province	88
East Ontario Province	78
Central Ontario Province	60

"No change in the situation."—War despatch.

"What we have we hold."—Brigadier Howell.

"I don't know whether this thing can be done, but if it can I'm going to do it."—Brigadier Pugmire.

"I regret to report a serious reverse."—Brigadier Gaskin.

Brigadier Howell, in the height of his exultation over his well-earned victory, still wears the same-sized hat. In there have been men whose heads have swollen after a great victory. We are glad to notice that the hero who rode Arab at the hour of triumph has escaped this sad visitation.

"Down goes the Central." Is alarmingly said! Why this business? dear C. O. P.ites. To only muster 60 when you have several times gone over the hundred mark is not good news.

These are the days of "War Spectacles," and it is astonishing how eagerly the world will grasp at the "latest edition" to read the few words of despatch just received. Our "War Special" is a continuous one. We are proud to ruminate on the fact that thousands of admirers send our pages week after week, and store their minds with the latest news of our holy war.

I shall expect some startling news from Stratford. I see they have "mobilized" their War Cry Brigade. Surely this movement is not a feint, comrades! I shall only agree to "feint" movements when they are designed to cover other and more important developments.

West Ontario is again well to the front with "century" runners. It has 9, the Eastern has 8, East Ontario 7, the Pacific 3, the Central 2, and the Klondike Expedition 1. Bravo!

THE "EAST vs. WEST" COMPETITION.	
Eastern Prov. 102	Pacific..... 47
	North-West.....
	Newfound'd. 16
	Klondike.... 2
Totals.. 102	65

This week's laurels go to the East, though I am inclined to believe it might have been different had the North-West Provincial list only reached me.

Still I must really express my admiration for the gallant efforts now being put forth by Major Pickering and his Staff. That little paragraph in the latest circular caught my eye, Major. So you are aiming at the 100 mark! So ho! my hearties! Here's good luck to ye!

Gustavus Johnson, Grand Forks, B. C., has volunteered to dispose of 20 War Crys weekly in that new city. I must chronicle my delight at the earnest desire of our lonely Salvation Brother to spread the good news of salvation in his parish. May you have abundant success.

Medicine Hat has risen 15. No need of a doctor there. I should judge. Things look healthy enough.

THE ONTARIO PROVINCES.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

88 Hostlers.

Capt. Stitzer, Woodstock	101
Lieut. Smith, London	100
Sergt. Yeomans, Chatham	126
Mrs. Major Cooper, Goderich	111
Lieut. Kunkle, Brantford	111
Mrs. Adj. McAmmond, Brantford	110
Capt. Hamington, Leamington	100
Lieut. Hart, Simcoe	100
Lieut. Fyfe, Sarnia	100
Mrs. Benn, Petrolia	96
P. S. M. Bateman, Stratford	93
Lieut. Cook, Tilsonburg	90
Ensign Green, Windsor	90
Lieut. Suckells, Berlin	85
Capt. Freeman, Strathroy	81
Annie Wright, Ingersoll	77
Capt. Hollett, Hespeler	75
Daisy Bond, Wingham	74
Capt. Green, Windsor	74
Ensign Shute, Dresden	72
Adj. McAmmond, Brantford	65
Ensign Scott, St. Thomas	65
Mrs. Richards, Guelph	61
Ensign Brantigan, Sarnia	60
Sergt. Allen, Mitchell	59
Sergt. Mrs. Gilling, Stratford	58
Sergt. Mrs. Schwartz, Galt	58
Ensign Gamble, Wallaceburg	55
Sergt. McLaughlin, Goderich	55
Ensign Wakefield, London	54
Lieut. Edwards, Paris	53
Sergt. McGinnis, Blenheim	50
Capt. Heilman, Chatham	50
J. S. S. M. Armstrong, Seaforth	50
Capt. Heister, Tilsonburg	50
Mrs. Wakefield, Forest	50
Lieut. Horwood, Wallaceburg	49
Capt. Burrows, Rayfield	45
Sergt. Erb, Berlin	45
Mrs. Capt. Freeman, Strathroy	45
Lieut. Ringler, Norwich	43
Willie Sole, Guelph	43
Mrs. Anderson, Watford	43
Mrs. Dr. Green, Ridgeway	37
Treas. Mrs. Harris, London	36
Mother Broadwell, Kingsville	35
Capt. Hockley, Norwich	35
Fred Palmer, London	35
P. S. M. Dearling, Hespeler	33
Capt. Halsey, Ridgeway	33
Lieut. Kitchen, Ridgeway	31
Capt. Howcroft, Berlin	30
Mrs. Capt. Dowell, Blenheim	30
Mrs. Capt. Kerswell, Duncarton	30
Corps Cadet Clark, St. Thomas	28
Lieut. Winters, Palmerston	27
Capt. Huxcock, Ingersoll	26
Marshall Ben, Wallaceburg	25
Eva Simpson, Guelph	25
Gent. Simpson, Guelph	25
Sister Gordon, Paris	25
Capt. White, Listowel	25
Lieut. Bishop, Listowel	25
Capt. Carr, Wingham	25
Treas. Copp, Seaforth	25
Lieut. Harman, Ingersoll	23
P. S. M. Virtue, Windsor	22
Ensign Crawford, Woodstock	22
Maud Durant, Galt	21
Bro. Musgrove, Wexeter	20
Capt. Copeman, Thorford	20
Capt. Wainman, Bethwell	20
Mrs. Ensign McKenzie, Clinton	20
Ensign McKenzie, Clinton	20
Capt. Jarvis, Petrolia	20
Lieut. Grombridge, Guelph	20
Mrs. Gooding, Galt	20
Capt. Dowell, Blenheim	20
Bro. Christian, Dresden	20
Mrs. Burns, Dresden	20
Stanley Gammage, Chatham	20
Capt. Burton, Palmerston	20
S. M. Ross, Hespeler	20
George Pulver, London	20
John Fleming, London	20
Sister Mrs. Harkiss, St. Thomas	20
Sergt. Mrs. Lyles, Ingersoll	20
Sister Steele, Petrolia	20

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

78 Hostlers.

Capt. Mumford, Ottawa	231
Sergt. Dudley, Ottawa	187
Capt. Randall, Pembroke	190
Capt. Brown, Burlington	190
Lieut. Carter, Burlington	190
Capt. O'Neill, St. Albans	190
Lieut. Laidlaw, St. Albans	190
Adj. Kendall, Belleville	91

Capt. Stanforth, Cornwall	89
Sergt. Rodgers, Montreal	89
Capt. Downey, St. Johnsbury	81
Sergt. Major Mrs. Van Buren	80
Capt. Birch, Brockville	79
Lieut. Yarnall, Brockville	79
Mrs. Ensign Jones, Picton	79
Capt. Crogo, Kempsville	64
Capt. Yake, Deseronto	62
Bro. Moore, Montreal	61
Sergt. Simons, Kingston	61
Mrs. Capt. Carter, Rockport	61
Lieut. Crozier, Napanee	60
Capt. Woods, Mottisburg	59
Capt. Picheu, Mottisburg	59
Ensign Stahler, Mottisburg	59
Lieut. Thompson, Mottisburg	59
Sergt. Richards, Mottisburg	59
Sergt. Phillips, Mottisburg	59
Capt. Constock, Colborne	50
Lieut. Lang, Colborne	50
Capt. Jones, St. Catharines	50
Capt. Fyfe, Kingston	50
Capt. Gross, Prescott	50
Cadet Hicks, Newport	50
Capt. Green, Perth	46
Capt. Bradley, Sherbrooke	46
Capt. Macvey, Cambridge	46
Lieut. Laidlaw, Cambridge	46
Sergt. Major Perkins, Barre	41
Sergt. Parler, Kingston	42
Lieut. Weir, Cambridge	41
Sergt. Thompson, Belvidere	40
Mrs. Capt. Beuchamp, Peterboro	40
Mrs. Stone, Lakeside	40
Lieut. Norman, Tremont	40
Capt. Tyros, Amherst	38
Lieut. Langford, Amherst	36
Sergt. Noel, Barre	36
Mrs. Hippard, Montreal	36
Sister McFarlane, Ottawa	36
Capt. Huxtable, Quebec	36
Capt. Ross, Quebec	36
Sister Brown, Montreal	36
Sister Hanson, Cambridge	36
Lieut. Cook, Cambridge	36
Mrs. Ensign Sims, Barre	27
Sergt. Downey, Kingston	26
Sister Avery, Sherbrooke	26
Mark Speakey, Cambridge	26
Sister Stange, Cambridge	26
J. S. M. Russell, Cambridge	26
Sergt. Coggin, Kingston	25
Sister Laidlaw, Montreal	25
Lieut. Brooks, Montreal	25
Bro. Shaver, Montreal	25
Sister Robinson, Peterboro	25
Sister Viner, Sherbrooke	25
Capt. Vance, Lakeside	21
Lieut. McKinnon, Sarnia	20
Treas. Gilliam, Rockport	20
Capt. Huxtable, Woodstock	20
Capt. Wilson, Perth	20
Mrs. Capt. Hoon, Perth	20
Mrs. Rayner, Barre	20
Bella Robertson, Barre	20
Mad. Duquet, Tremont	20
Mrs. Green, Peterboro	20
Capt. Young, Montreal	20

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

60 Hostlers.

Ensign Walker, Richmond St.	100
Mrs. Pearce, Temple	100
Mrs. Bowler, Lisgar St.	81
Capt. Culbert, North Bay	78
Mrs. Ensign Wynn, Newmarket	75
Capt. Laidlaw, Newmarket	70
Cadet Price, Lippincott	70
Cadet Carey, Lippincott	70
Adj. Moore, St. Catharines	65
S. M. Hinton, Oakville	60
Capt. Parrish, Montreal	60
Sister Telford, Temple	59
Mrs. Stephens, St. Catharines	46
Capt. Pade, Chesley	45
Sister Lightfoot, Hamilton	45
Capt. Hanna, Aurora	45
Capt. White, Riversdale	45
Mrs. Kane, St. Catharines	45
Lieut. Reynolds, Bowmanville	42
Mrs. Adj. Wiggins, Barre	42
Capt. Eiston, Lakeside	42
Capt. Lott, Oshawa	42
Sergt. Russell, Lisgar St.	42
Capt. Sullivan, Riversdale	42
Mrs. Gibbs, Yorkville	42
Maud Slater, London Falls	42
Lieut. Howcroft, London Falls	42
Capt. Brooks, Kilmount	42
Sergt. Gammage, Ingersoll	42
Lieut. Peacock, Dundas	42
S. M. Boyer, Brantford	42
Bro. Case, Hamilton	42
Lieut. McGregor, Riversdale	42
Capt. Welsh, Brantford	42
Capt. Richardson, Brantford	42
Mrs. Bone, Barre	42
Adj. Wiggins, Barre	42
Capt. Nelson, Brantford	42
Sergt. E. Howell, Riversdale	42
Lieut. Trickey, Riversdale	42
Capt. Meeks, Dovercourt	42
Sergt. Pearle, Richmond	42
Cadet Foster, Lippincott	42
Mrs. Smith, Montreal	42
Lieut. Chapman, Bowmanville	42
Sergt. Turk, Lisgar St.	42
Capt. Barker, Barre	42

Mrs. Currie, Hamilton	20
Ethel Smith, Dovercourt	20
Sister Gee, Hamilton	20
Mrs. Bowers, Lisgar St.	20
Cadet Hoole, Lippincott	20
Capt. Capper, Richmond St.	20
Mrs. Miller, St. John	20
Sergt. Harty, Newmarket	20
Mrs. Bowersman, Newmarket	20
Mrs. Killigback, Lindsay	20
Mrs. Moore, Lindsay	20
Cadet Greenwood, Temple	20
Cadet Condon, Kilmount	20

EAST vs. WEST.

EASTERN PROVINCE.

102 Hostlers.

P. S. M. Smith, Windsor	150
M. Wilson, Halifax	130
Capt. Thompson, Glace Bay	130
Sergt. Vebot, Halifax	125
Sergt. Miller, St. John	100
Capt. Bradant, St. George's	100
L. Sauter, Hamilton	100
Sergt. Major Flood, Hamilton	100
Sergt. Sauter, Hamilton	95
Sergt. Virgil, Southampton	95
Ensign Parsons, Yarmouth	85
Cadet Chandler, St. John	85
L. Lebus, Fredericton	71
Bro. Reid, St. John	70
Capt. Bowring, Westville	70
Capt. Horwood, Temu	70
Lieut. Veigel, Hamilton	70
Ensign Wright, St. John	70
Sergt. Conrad, Halifax	62
Sergt. DeLong, Summerside	60
L. Smith, Halifax	60
Cadet Dwyer, St. John	60
Cadet Lebus, St. John	60
Adj. MacSamm, Charlottetown	60
S. Ellis, Charlottetown	60
P. S. M. Chase, Fredericton	58
Mrs. Adj. McGillivray, Fredericton	58
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John	56
Lieut. Cameron, Charlottetown	55
Lieut. Hobb, Hampton	55
Ensign Jennings, Springhill	50
Capt. Laws, St. Stephen	50
Lieut. Winchester, St. Stephen	50
Sergt. Major Morrison, Glace Bay	50
Sergt. J. Ross, Windsor	50
Capt. Kirk, St. John	50
Ensign Mrs. Knight, Calais	50
Capt. Wilson, Charlottetown	50
Sergt. Mrs. Mayhew, Charlottetown	50
P. S. M. Warren, Charlottetown	50
Capt. Ritchie, Springhill	50
Sergt. Hobb, Springhill	50
Capt. Perry, St. John	50
A. Baine, Bridgetown	44
Lieut. Lebus, Stellarton	44
Lieut. Jones, Woodstock	42
Treas. Mrs. Olive, Carleton	42
Sister McKie, Newmarket	42
Capt. Allan, Carleton	40
Bro. Kinley, Fredericton	37
A. Hawkins, Yarmouth	37
Lieut. B. Murchough, Hillsboro	37
Capt. Armstrong, North Head	37
Adj. Walker, Kentville	37
Lieut. Peckham, Kentville	37
War Cry Sergeant, Kent, Bear River	37
Capt. Fergus, Kent	37
Capt. Tudge, Parrsboro	37
Mrs. W. Howden, Dartmouth	37
T. Andler, Westville	37
Willie Warren, Charlottetown	37
Lieut. Brown, Picton	37
Maud Bennett, Somerset	37
Leah Bond, Summerside	37
Adj. Rivers, St. John	37
Sister Parks, Carleton	37
Mrs. Ensign Larler, Chatham	37
P. S. M. Treadwell, Newcastle	37
Treas. Cashin, Halifax	37
Treas. Hamu, Yarmouth	37
Lieut. Taton, North Head	37
R. Ridley, Halifax	37
Sergt. Forsyth, Picton	37
Sergt. England, Chatham	37
Capt. Tiley, St. John	37
Ensign Larler, Chatham	37
Anna Trafton, Fairville	37
W. McElroy, Bear River	37
W. Burgess, Halifax	37
Ensign Knight, Calais	37
Maud Ludlow, Calais	37
Capt. Tiley, Canning	37
Bro. Beatty, Fredericton	37
Sergt. Lyons, Fredericton	37
Sergt. Denovan, Fredericton	37
Maud Batty, Fredericton	37
Bro. Sharnham, Windsor	37
Sister M. Jost, Lunenburg	37
Sister A. Moore, Glace Bay	37
Sergt. Mrs. Finamore, Woodstock	37
Sister C. Lecky, Parrsboro	37
Mrs. McDow, Dartmouth	37
Mrs. Gibbs, Charlottetown	37
A. Basonne, Southampton	37
Sergt. Aldrich, New Glasgow	37
Lieut. Hinchell, Digby	37
Mrs. Alton, Hamilton	37
Capt. Trafton, Digby	37
Sergt. Wade, Hamilton	37
Lieut. Rowe, New Glasgow	37
Sergt. Squires, Springhill	37
Capt. Doyle, Sydney	37

PACIFIC

Sergt. E. Glenn	47
Lieut. Morris	47
Sister Adm. Lewis	47
Lieut. Long	47
Ensign Cummins	47
Capt. Krell, N.S.	47
Mrs. Adj. Ayre	47
Capt. Beaumont	47
Capt. LeDrew	47
Capt. Noble, S.	47
Lieut. Betts, I.	47
Mrs. Adj. Hay	47
Lieut. Cain, I.	47
Bro. Whipple	47
Sister M. Voh	47
Mrs. Capt. Jack	47
Capt. Duthie, I.	47
Capt. Mrs. Ho	47
Bro. Mooly, Y.	47
Bro. Christou	47
Adj. Babington	47
Ensign Lester	47
Lieut. Morris	47
Capt. Miller, Y.	47
Sister Capt. Bro	47
Gertie Watford	47
Capt. Gooding	47
Capt. Sherrif	47
Sister Nellie Po	47
Sister Mrs. X	47
Sister R. Shann	47
Lieut. Floyd, I.	47
Capt. Perreault	47
Bro. Bailes, V.	47
Sergt. Kihly, A.	47
Sergt. Hargens	47
Adj. Stevens	47
Sister Mrs. Ne	47
Bro. Bill, Ros	47
Sister A. Mort	47
Capt. Jackson	47
Sister Monteth	47
Sister Anderson	47
Bro. Denny, S.	47
Bro. Tibbety, V.	47
Bro. Melton, R.	47

NEWFOUND

Sergt. Major No	16
Cadet Sainsbury	16
Cadet Tiller, St	16
Cadet Cumming	16
Cadet Howse, S	16
Cadet May, St.	16
Cadet Bailey, D	16
Bessie Hiseach	16
Cadet M. Shute	16
Sergt. T. Wheel	16
Lieut. Way, T.	16
Cand. Willshire	16
Mrs. Cook, St. J	16
May Rose, St. J	16
Cadet Olford, S	16
Cadet Fisher, I	16

KLONDIKE

2

Mrs. Adj. McG

Adj. McGill, St

man Wri

-thy

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

47 Hustlers.

Sergt. E. Glenn, Datto	185
Lieut. Morris, Billings	116
Sister Add Lewis, Victoria	114
Lieut. Long, Rossland	109
Ensign Cummins, Great Falls	95
Capt. Krell, Nuuhaloo	95
Mrs. Adj. Ayre, Westminister	89
Capt. Beaumont, Kamloops	89
Capt. LeDrew, Victoria	75
Capt. Scott, Helena	68
Capt. Noble, Spokane	68
Lieut. Betts, Kallispell	65
Mrs. Adj. Hay, Billings	65
Lieut. Galt, Revelstoke	61
Bro. Whipple, Vancouver	52
Sister M. Velen, Datto	51
Sr. Capt. Jackson, Livingston	50
Capt. Duthie, Nelson	50
Capt. Mrs. Hooker, Spokane	50
Bro. Moody, Vancouver	50
Bro. Christner, Vancouver	50
Adj. Babbington, Spokane	43
Ensign Lester, Nelson	42
Lieut. Morris, Billings	41
Capt. Miller, Vancouver	41
Mrs. Capt. Brown, Bozeman	40
Gertrude Wyndford, Livingston	40
Capt. Gooding, Rossland	40
Capt. Sheard, Lewiston	39
Sister Nellie Porter, Victoria	39
Sister Mrs. Noble, Revelstoke	38
Sister R. Shinn, Livingston	38
Lieut. Floyd, Dillon	36
Capt. Perrenoud, Kallispell	35
Bro. Bailey, Vancouver	35
Sister Kirby, Vancouver	35
Sergt. Hagenson, Rossland	30
Adj. Stevens, Helena	30
Sister Mrs. Nesbitt, Helena	26
Bro. Britt, Rossland	25
Sister A. Mortimer, Victoria	21
Capt. Jackson, Livingston	20
Sister Monteth, Dillon	20
Sister Anderson, Helena	20
Bro. Denny, Spokane	20
Bro. Tilbury, Vancouver	20
Bro. McLean, Rossland	20

NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

16 Hustlers.

Sergt.-Major Newman, Twillingate	100
Cadet Schabus, St. Johns I.	50
Cadet Tiller, St. Johns I.	45
Cadet Cummings, St. Johns I.	40
Cadet Howse, St. Johns I.	35
Cadet May, St. Johns I.	30
Cadet Bailey, Harbor Grace	27
Cadet Harewood, St. Johns I.	25
Cadet M. Shute, St. Johns I.	25
Sergt. T. Wheeler, Twillingate	25
Lieut. Wray, Twillingate	25
Cand. Willsie, Heart's Delight	20
Mrs. Cook, St. Johns I.	20
May Huse, St. Johns I.	20
Cadet Oldford, St. Johns I.	20
Cadet Fisher, Harbor Grace	20

KLONDIKE EXPEDITION.

2 Hustlers.

Mrs. Adj. McGill, Skagway	120
Adj. McGill, Skagway	70

Woman Writes Eulogistically of the
only of John Read.



THE GREEKS.

CHAPTER XXVII.
MODERN GREECE.

In spite of their misfortunes, the Greeks still cherished a hope of independence. A secret society, called the Hetaira, was formed among the young people, having for its object the liberation of Greece. In 1820 the first rising took place under Prince Ipsilanti, who had served in the Russian army. The expected Russian support was, however, not forthcoming, and Ipsilanti was forced to flee into Austria. The following year a rising took place all over Greece. The peasants of Athens drove the Turkish garrison out of all Athens but the Acropolis, which they besieged for 83 days. Omar Pasha, with 4,000 Turkish soldiers, came to the relief of the beleaguered garrison, and routed the 700 Greeks, but so soon as he turned his back the Greeks resumed the siege. The

destroyed. After some more fighting in the north, in which General Church led the Greeks, the Turks were finally defeated, and in October, 1828, the Peloponnese became a free country. Count Capo d'Istria was chosen President, and a Connell was elected.

Greece, as a republic, however, proved a failure. Disputes and civil wars were incessant, and the European powers decided, for that reason, that Greece should be governed by a king, aided by a parliament.

As there was no direct claimant to the throne, Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg was chosen, and he accepted at first, but upon obtaining more detailed knowledge of the actual state of things, and of the degenerated morals of the modern Greeks, he declined.

In the meantime things went from bad to worse. Count d'Istria was murdered and two rival councils tried to govern.

In 1832 Otto, a Royal Prince of Bavaria, was chosen as King by the conference in London, which was called to settle the affairs of Greece.

King Otto was only 17 years of age when he took the reins of the government with a guard of Bavarian soldiers. He had a council appointed to rule for him until he should become of



To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; detained and, as far as possible, settle wronged women and children, or any one in difficulty. Address Commissioner Evangelina Booth, 16 Albert St. Toronto, and mark "Inquiry" on the envelope. Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses.

Officers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to look regularly through this column and to notify the Commissioners if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

First insertion.

WILSON, JAMES HERBERT. Age 34, height 5 ft. 9 in., fair hair and complexion, blue eyes. Last heard from in February, 1898, at North Croydon, Queensland. May be in Klondike. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

CAMPBELL, JOSEPH. Age 66, medium height, dark complexion and eyes. Laborer. Last known address Yorkville, Toronto. Wife and daughter extremely anxious to hear from him. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

HIGTON, GEORGE and ALFRED. Last known address Exeter P. O., c/o Mr. Stringer, farmer. Parents dead and sister anxious to find him. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

FERGUSON or COVEY, MRS. Last heard from in Pine City, Minn., in 1880. Maiden name Agnes Tate, widow of William Ferguson; supposed to have married again to a lumberman named John Covey. Had a little girl named Ida, now about 25 years of age. May have gone to Duluth. Mother getting old and feeble, would like to find her. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

SCOTT, MRS. AMELIA. Last known address Upper Gullies, South Shore, Newfoundland. Her son William, of the "Tentonic," enquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

LARGEST, RYAN. Left home at Sherbrooke, Que., for Berlin Mills, seeking employment, in November, 1898. Not heard of since. Occupation blacksmith, age 21, height 5 ft. 5 in., stout, fair complexion, blue eyes. Reward offered. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

WILSON, JAMES HERBERT. Age 34, height 5 ft. 9 in., light hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. Not heard from since February, 1898, then living at North Croydon, Queensland. Talked of going to Klondike. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

THOMPSON, JAMES HENRY. Height 5 ft. 6 in., fair complexion, blue eyes, bare face, age 28. Left Portage la Prairie to work on Gray's Nest Pass two years ago. Not heard from since. Mother anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

A FREE GIFT.

Remember, salvation is a free gift, and it is a free gift for us. Can you say it? It is a free gift presented to whosoever will accept it. Suppose were to say, I will give this Bible to whosoever will take it; what have you got to do? Why, nothing but take it. But a man comes forward and says, "I'd like that Bible very much." "Well, didn't I say 'whosoever' will can have it?" "Yes, but I'd like to have you mention my name." "Well, here it is." Still he keeps eyeing the Bible and saying, "I'd like to have that Bible, but I'd like to give you something for it. I don't like to take it for nothing." "But I am not here to sell Bibles; take it if you want it." "Well, I want it, but I'd like to give you something for it. Let me give you a cent for it; though, to be sure, it is worth more than five dollars." Suppose I accept the cent; that man takes up the Bible and marches away home with it. His wife asks, "Where did you get that Bible?" "Oh, I bought it." Mark the point; when he gives the penny it ceases to be a gift. So with salvation. If you were to pay ever so little it would not be a gift.—D. L. Moody.



Lord, Take Possession.

Tune.—Moumouh (B.J. 222, 1); Madrid (B.J. 173, 2); Baton (B.J. 167, 2); Sovereignty (B.B. 21, B.J. 220, 1); Stella (B.J. 25, 3); Jesus of Nazareth (slowly).

1 Baptize us now with living faith,
From every clinging doubt and sin;
That sin to-day may find its death,
While on our hearts Christ we en-
throned.
Thine image stamp on every soul—
Come, take possession of us all!

We pray, we wait to be set free
From every clinging doubt and sin;
We want the Blood-bought liberty
Which Jesus died for us to win.
On each this freedom now bestow,
And let us have Thy nature know.

If we Thy fitness now receive,
From strength to strength each day
Go on,
Then all shall see we in Thee live.
And souls by love to Thee be drawn.
Around the Mercy Seat we bow,
Baptize us with Thy spirit now.
Major Drahble.

Sent Us Showers!

Tune.—There shall be showers of blessing.

2 "There shall be showers of blessing,
This is the promise of love;
There shall be seasons refreshing
Sent from the Saviour above.

Chorus.

Showers of blessing, showers of blessing
We need,
Mercy-drops round us are falling, but
For the showers we plead.

"There shall be showers of blessing,"
Precious reviving again,
Over the hills and the valleys,
Sounds of abundance of rain.

"There shall be showers of blessing,"
Oh, that to-day they might fall,
Now as to God we're confessing,
Now as on Jesus we call.

Glad to Be a Soldier.

Tune.—I'm glad I'm in the Army (B. B. 44, S.M. 1, 10).

3 I will not be discouraged, for Jesus
Is my Friend;
He'll lead me safe to glory, and
Keep me to the end.

Chorus.

Oh, I'm glad I'm in this Army,
And I'll battle for the Lord!
He will give me grace to conquer,
And keep me to the end.

Fight on, ye valiant soldiers, the battle
We shall win,
For the Saviour is our Captain, and
We shall conquer sin.

And when the battle's over, before
Him we shall stand;
We will sing His praise for ever in
That holy, happy land.

Then with the blest in glory, all ro-
bed in dazzling white,
We will sing the pleasing story, and
March in Jesus' sight.

My Lord and My God.

Tune.—B. J. 200, 2.

4 Arise, my soul, arise, shake off thy
guilty fears,
The Bleeding Sacrifice in my be-
half appears,
Before the Throne my surety stands,
My name is written on His hands.

He ever lives above for me to inter-
cede.

His all-redeeming love, His precious
blood to plead,
His blood was shed for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of
grace.

I've bleeding wounds He bears, re-
ceived on Calvary.
They pour effectual prayer, they
strongly plead for me;
"Forgive him, oh, forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

My God is reconciled, His pardoning
voice I hear,
He avens me for His child, I can no
longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

On the Cross.

Tune.—Come to Me (B.J. 162, 2); Be-
hold the Lamb of God (B.J. 277, 2);
What's the news? (B.J. 12, 3);
There is a better world (B.J. 11, 3);
Christ for me (B.B. 48); Will you
go? (B. B. 13); We're traveling
home (B.B. 7).

5 Behold, behold the Lamb of God
On the Cross!
For us He shed His precious Blood
On the Cross!

Oh, hear His all-important cry,
"Why perish, Blood-bought sinner—
why?"
Draw near and see your Saviour die
On the Cross!

Come, sinner, see Him lifted up.
On the Cross?
He drinks for you the bitter cup—
On the Cross!

The rocks do rend, the mountains
quake,
While Jesus doth salvation make—
While Jesus suffers for our sake—
On the Cross!

And now the mighty deed is done—
On the Cross!
The battle's fought, the victory's won
On the Cross!

To heaven He turns His dying eyes,
"Tis finished!" now the Conqueror
cries;
Then bows His sacred head and dies—
On the Cross!

Where'er I go I'll tell the story
Of the Cross!
In nothing else my soul shall glory,
Save the Cross!

Yes, this my constant theme shall be,
Through time and in eternity,
That Jesus tasted death for me—
On the Cross!

Mercy, Sinner.

Tune.—Way down upon the Swance
Silver; or, All the world can ne'er
console thee (B.J. 157).

6 In love we now entreat you, sinner,
Your sins forsake;
Lest they at death should meet
you, sinner,
Bound for the burning lake.

Chorus.

In this day of mercy, sinner,
Jesus waits to save;
Life is uncertain, and to-morrow
You may be in your grave.

Life is at best uncertain, sinner,
Soon all gone by;
This night may fall the curtain, sin-
ner,
And you be called to die.

From all your guilt and sorrow, sinner,
You can be free;
You may not see to-morrow, sinner,
Let Christ your Saviour be.

What we sing of salvation, sinner,
We know is true;
Through Jesus, free damnation, sin-
ner,
Then you shall know it, too.

EXTRA SPECIAL.

An Up-to-Date Solo.

Tune.—Soldiers of the Queen.
We are soldiers fighting for Je-
hovah

7 In the great Salvation Army;
Years in sin we played the wild, wild
rover,
Satan had us long in slavery,
Victims to his clever, crafty, cunning
ways.

Long He held us by his spell;
Him we gave the slip, we found out
his trick,
He was leading us direct to hell,
Yes, he was leading us direct to hell.

Now, if anyone should ask us
How we intend to spend our lives—
Chorus.

In the service of the King, of course,
Our life for Him we count as dross;
We'll fight for Him whatever the cost,
Beneath the Yellow, Red, and Blue,
And when our work down here is done,
Our battles fought and victories won,
A glad well-done He'll give to every-
one

Who spent their life for Him.

We are soldiers fighting in the Army
God has raised the world to win;
For He saw the need and in His mercy
Gave us a remedy for sin.
In His love He gave His only Son to
die.

Opened up a way to heaven:
Jesus is the way, and the only way,
Though Him everyone may be for-
gotten.

And have a blessed transport safe to
heaven.
We have shipped and bound for glory,
And this is how we spend our time—

We are soldiers and we fight to con-
quer,
We are sure of certain victory;
On our side we have a conquering
Saviour.

By His might He gave us liberty,
In the mire of sin though once we
sunk so low,

We have proved His power to save;
Now we long to sing praises unto Him,
Shine His life for us He freely gave,
We proved no other power but His
could save.

And since we left the ranks of Satan,
We now delight to spend our time

Gr. J. W. Watson,
Ladysmith.



LIEUT.-COL. MRS. READ

will visit

London, Sat., Sun. and Mon., March 17,
18, 19.

Orillia, Sat., Sun. and Mon., April 7,
8, 9.

Barrie, Tuesday, April 10.

LIEUT.-COL. MARGETTS,

accompanied by

Staff-Captain Manton,

will visit

Aurora, Thursday, March 1.

Newmarket, Friday, March 2.

Barrie, Sat., Sun. and Mon., March 3,
4, 5.

Milton, Tuesday, March 6.

Orillia, Wednesday, March 7.

Huntsville, Thurs. and Fri., March
8, 9.

Bracebridge, Sat. and Sun., March 10,
11.

Gravenhurst, Monday, March 12.

BRIGADIER and Mrs. GASKIN

will visit

Temple, Friday, March 2.

Lindsay, Sat., Sun. and Mon.,
3, 4, 5.

Fenelon Falls, Tuesday, 6.

Exbridge, Wednesday, 7.

Lisgar St., Saturday
Sunday, March 7.



16th Year. N

